

The
COLUMBIAN



COMMISSION



Steve Spray

The Columbian



Published by
The Class of 1923
COLUMBIA CITY HIGH SCHOOL
Columbia City, Indiana

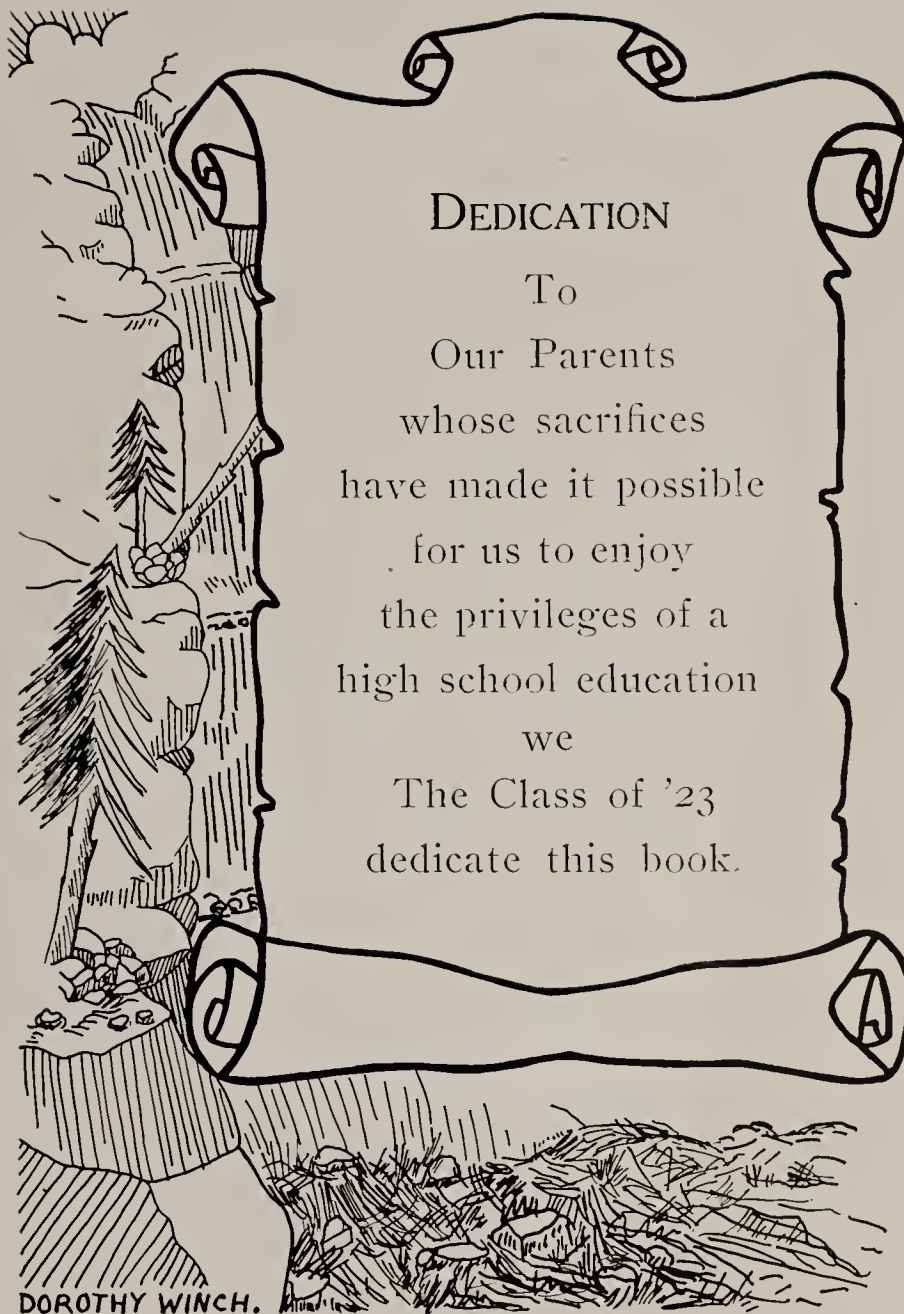


FOREWORD

Dear Schoolmates:

We, the members of the Annual Board, present to you the 1923 *Columbian*, the result of our combined efforts during the past year. We have done our level best to make it a success. Our efforts at wit have been herculean. We have even dared to venture into the realms of sentiment. We express, as our fondest hope, that you will be able to distinguish our wit from our sentiment.

All our labors have been executed with the view of making the *Columbian* acceptable to you. And if we have succeeded in awakening a pleasant memory in your mind as you leaf through its pages, we shall have been repaid for our work. If you find faults, censure the board. If you find merits, give the credit to the ever loyal class of '23.



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MISS MARY E. HALLOWELL

Graduate Pendleton High School, 1904. B. S., Farham College, 1907. A. M., Columbia University, 1914.

Although we see little of Miss Hallowell we know that she is always back of us in everything undertaken by the school. Especially is she a booster for athletics. As an advisor she is also often sought; for she is the friend of all, and willing to do all she can for everyone. Indeed, we don't know how we could do without Miss Hallowell.

MR. CARL WATERFALL

Carpenter and contractor in Columbia City for eighteen years.

Mr. Waterfall is our right hand man. Besides teaching the boys manual training and mechanical drawing, he manages all the settings for our High School dramatizations. Woe to the boy who raises a disturbance in his class, for he is promptly "bawled out"; however, you can tell that he is a good fellow by the jokes he tells. His blackboard lectures add much to the subjects studied.



MR. GLENN P. GALLOWAY

C. C. H. S., 1915. A. B. Indiana University, 1920.

Mr. Galloway is the boys' coach and pal. Through his training we have a basket-ball team which equals, if not surpasses, the teams of several years previous. The girls always beware when Galloway is near, for his dearest sport is teasing them. He is always the life of a party, and never lets things come to a standstill.





MR. ELISHA L. FISHER

Teachers' Course, Central Normal College, 1906. L. L. B., Central Normal College, 1909. Standard Normal Course, Central Normal College, 1915. A. B., Indiana University, 1917. A. M., Indiana University, 1920.

Mr. Fisher is our principal, who is always threatening to get "hard-boiled" if we do not carry out orders. But since we have never really seen him in that condition, we must be obeying very well. He always takes an interest in every school activity and does his bit. His hobby is preaching "Indiana University" to graduates of C. C. H. S.

MISS CHLOE SPRAY

Stevens Point High School, Wisconsin, 1909. Whitewater State Normal, 1911. Lawrence Conservatory of Music, 1915.

Luck was with us again when Miss Chloe Spray decided to bear with us at least one year longer. Although there was much grief at the loss of Miss Edith Spray, we consoled ourselves with the thought that we were not losing both sisters at the same time. Miss Spray has gained fame as a director of glee clubs and a producer of operettas, and she is still the same hustling, bustling little lady whose great pride is our C. C. H. S. orchestra.



MR JOHN BARTON

Coolville High School, Ohio, 1911. B. S. C. Ohio State University, 1916. Member Indiana State Teachers' Association, Indiana Agricultural Teachers' Association.

Mr. Barton is our agricultural teacher, who is very seldom seen in the assembly room except when examinations are given. He is a good sport and makes his work so interesting for the boys that they are always looking forward to the Purdue Round Up. His specialty is building pig houses and chicken coops.



MISS ETHEL MOE

South Whitley High School, 1897. Ohio Wesleyan University, 1901. Winona, 1907-10. Chicago University, 1922.

Miss Moe is a quiet little woman who is rarely seen in the halls of the High School building, but she has done much for us. As an instructor of good housekeeping and sewing she is excelled by none. Many a difficult problem is solved by her and she is the girls' guardian angel. Her patience is tried time and time again by girls who have never sewed a stitch until they began on graduation dresses.





MISS BERN RISACHER

Loogootee H. S., 1912. Indiana State Normal. Applied Art School, Chicago. Church School of Art, Chicago.

Miss Risacher is our Art teacher, who always greets you with a smile. Last year she organized a Craft Class for the girls that were unable to take Art but who are interested in her work. She has a splendid school spirit and always attends all school activities.



MISS KATHERINE ROTHENBERGER

Syracuse High School, 1915. Wittenberg College. 1916 and 1917. De Pauw, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1921.

This auburn haired young lady may act cross sometimes but we know that her cross manner is just a mask, for there is no one jollier or more ready for a good time. She is a scholar in every line of history and language. She could not have lived with the ancients themselves and known more about them.



MISS LOUISE ERDMANN

C. C. H. S., 1917. Physical Education School, Chicago, 1920.

Miss Erdmann is our physical education teacher and basket-ball coach. She made our girls' team a winner, and caused many backs to be straightened. She may be given credit for the charming dances in the "Bells of Beaujolais" and between the acts of the Senior play, also for the Maytime festival.



MR. PHIL FARREN

Our band leader, Mr. Farren, took upon himself a great responsibility when he started a school band. But the success he has made of it certainly justifies the labor. It was not known how much musical talent was in C. C. H. S. until the band was started. Now we have two orchestras, two bands, a saxophone sextet, and many more minor groups which are very good. Columbia City as a whole is greatly indebted to Mr. Farren for the good he has done us.



MISS FLORENCE E. EDWARDS

Oakland City High School. Indiana University, 1916.

Miss Edwards is our English teacher of many quotations. As the manager of both the "Charm School" and the "Exhaust Pipe" she has gained renown. She is small but mighty, and when her orders are given everyone steps to her whistle. Under her supervision English and American literature acquire a new interest and studying them is almost a pleasure.

MISS BERTHA THORNBURG

Anderson High School, 1904. Indiana University, 1913. University of Colorado.

Miss Thornburg is the guardian angel of the Freshmen. She rivals Miss Edwards as a coach in dramatics and in commanding ability. She is an all-around sport and beloved by all her pupils. Under her direction a "Latin Club" has been started which will create, we are sure, a new interest in that long since dead language. May it ever prosper!



MISS MABEL STANLEY

Graduate Corning High School, Corning, Iowa, 1908. University of Iowa, 1912.

If you hear a merry laugh, you may be sure that Miss Stanley is somewhere near; by her pleasant nature and funny jokes she has won many friends throughout the school. Her popularity may be measured by the number in attendance at her extra session each evening after school. As an authority on mathematics she has no equal in C. C. H. S.



MRS. LUCY W. MILES.

Marion High School, Marion, Indiana. Indiana University, 1917.

The green and frightened Freshies soon found, last fall, that they had a good friend and teacher in M.s. Miles. Neither does one hear any criticism of her from the worldly-wise Sophomores, whom she also teaches. Under her leadership the Sophomores published a paper which was a rival of the "Exhaust Pipe". All admire the accomplishments of Mrs. Miles.



MISS MARGARET MASON

C. C. H. S., 1914. A. B. Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio. European School of Music, 1919.

Miss Mason was our French teacher until she resigned to enter upon a lifelong term of service of another kind. (We are sure he is a very lucky man.) She was a great booster for C. C. H. S. and did much for its students.



MRS. RHEUA OSBORNE

C. C. H. S., 1911. A. B., Earlham College, 1916.

It took Mrs. Osborne only a short time to win a place for herself among the students of the C. C. H. S. Many were fearful that a worthy successor of Miss Mason could not be found, but their fears were dispelled as soon as they became acquainted with Mrs. Osborne. All who are in her classes certainly admire her and appreciate her efforts.

AUTOGRAPHS

Name

Date

Address



History of the Class of '23

The sad fate of entering high school at the mid-year befell part of the class of '23. This first section numbered twenty-three. At the beginning of the next year this number was increased to eighty-nine by the inexperienced Freshmen B class. We were insignificant in school activities except for our efforts in Good English Week plays.

In the Sophomore year our number decreased to fifty-nine. Matrimony claimed some and the lure of adventure was too great for others. During that year some of our boys and girls were accepted in the Glee Club, and the orchestra was also increased by some of those with musical ability. The boys went in for track and the girls played basket-ball.

The class of '23 leaped into prominence in its Junior year when one of its members, Helen Brenneman, won the McLallen contest and did well in the county discussion. Many of the class participated in the musical events of the year. More boys went out for athletics and some of our number won favorable recognition as football and basket-ball players. Especially interesting and full of fun was the reception for the class of '22.

And now in our Senior year we have reached the height of our present ambition—graduation. This year has outshone all the others in prominence. Football and basket-ball claimed much attention and the class was proud to claim as theirs most of the boys on both teams. The McLallen contest was won by a member of our class, Jack Pentz. The senior class play formed the crowing event of our school life.

Kathryne Ruckman, '23.

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Harvey Carter		
Vice-President	Mildred Eisaman		
Secretary-Treasurer	Madge Schumaker		
Colors.....	Maroon and Silver Gray.	Flower.....	White Rosebud
Motto.....			Quo Fata Vocant



HARVEY CARTER

Entered '21. President of the class of '23. Annual Board, 4; Assistant Editor, 4; Debating Society, 3, 4; President, 3; Debating Team that went to Warsaw, 3; Athletic Association, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 4; Football, 3, 4, Captain, 4; Track, 3, 4; Homer Johns in "The Charm School", 4; Third Prize in McLallen Contest, 4; First Place in County Discussion Contest, 4.

Harvey, class president, actor, orator, athlete, and debater, is assuredly versatile, and he makes the best grades in the Senior class. Harvey is very popular and his speeches in assembly are always hailed with great applause. He has been with us only two years but we are glad to have had him that long.

MILDRED EISAMAN

Vice-President of the class of '23. Annual Board, 2, 3, 4. Editor-in-Chief, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, 3, 4; Basket-Ball Team, 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2, 3, 4; Tasaku in "Mitsu-Yu-Nissi"; Miss Hayes in "The Charm School", 4.

"Mil" is the editor-in-chief of the Annual and she is usually to be found in the office working on it. We chose Mildred editor because she always goes at things with a will and energy not to be surpassed. She also has talents in other lines and is always busy.

MADGE SCHUMAKER

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3; Operetta, 2, 4; Debating, 3; Secretary, 3; Secretary of the class of '23; Vice-President of "Inter Nos", 4; Managing Editor of the "Exhaust Pipe", 4.

We don't know what we would do without Madge and her smile. She is always cheerful and makes everyone else so. They say she is interested in a former citizen of Etna. Madge is our class secretary and treasurer, and a very good one.

RICHARD FISHER

Band, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 4; Debating, 3, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer, 4; Treasurer of "Exhaust Pipe", 4; Sports Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4.

Dick, our Physics shark, is always on deck. Although somewhat shy and a member of the mysterious Bachelor Club, he is a good sport and most assuredly a loyal booster for C. C. H. S. He is always the man who handles the money and furnishes the car. Dick has been on many wild excursions with the girls' basket-ball team, but he seems to have survived.

JEAN TREMBLEY

Annual Board, 4, Assistant Editor, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3; Basket-Ball Team, 1; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4; Sally Boyd in "The Charm School", 4; "Inter Nos", 4; Assistant Editor "Exhaust Pipe", 4.

Jean is another one who has done much for the class of '23. As assistant editor of the "Columbian" she had charge of the pictures and snapshots, and she also helped a great deal in editing "The Exhaust Pipe". Jean made a charming Sally in "The Charm School". She is a good student, and is always ready for a good time.

JACK PENTZ

Annual Board, 1, 2, 3, 4, Assistant Business Mgr., 2, Business Mgr., 3; Athletic Asso., 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 3, 4; Basket-Ball, 4; Track, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2; Debating Society, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel, 1; Soldier and Sailor in "Captain of Plymouth", 2; Kokemo in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; John Bender in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; David McKenzie in "The Charm School", 4; First Prize in McLallen Contest, 4; Third Place in County Oratorical Contest, 4.

Jack, the man with the way with the "wimmin", is a good all-round member of the class of '23. Jack has proved himself to be an athlete, orator, and actor, and is always busy with something. He is the sort we are proud to own.

If Mildred Eisaman, will Harvey Carter to him?

...12...



RALPH PRATT

Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; American in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Chicot in "Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Athletic Association.

Ralph has been in our class for many years. His assistance as stage manager for the Senior play proves his dependability. He is also a singer and an actor, as is shown by his part in the operetta.



MARY WIGENT

Sunshine Society, 1; Dramatic Club, 3; Penmanship Class, 4; Glee Club, 4; Villager in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; "Inter Nos", 4; Associate Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4.

Mary is always near the top of the honor roll and she is certainly a model student. Language is her forte and she is a fine Latin scholar. Everyone likes and admires her, and we only wish we had more people of her ability.



MARY FRANCES RABER

Sunshine Society, 1; Dramatic Society, 3, 4; Madge in "The Charm School", 4; Play, "The Revolt of Mother"; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Indian in "Captain of Plymouth", 2; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Flower girl in "Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Athletic Association, 2, 3, 4.

Mary Frances, who has a failing for raisins, is never to be seen without her smile. She is a regular hostess and has shown our class a good time at several parties. Mary Frances is well liked and has not an enemy.



ELIZABETH CLANTON

Sunshine Society, 1; Athletic Association, 1; Riley-Day program, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; American in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Countess Marie in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Elizabeth, we have discovered, is a regular songbird. She delighted everyone with her part in the operetta. She can usually be found with Mary C. or Mary Frances R., and is a well-liked member of the class of '23.



ROBERT HEINLEY

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel, 1; Indian in "Captain of Plymouth", 2; American in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; American in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Band, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3; Track, 2; Science Club, 2.

Bob, a confirmed bachelor, is one of the indispensable members of the Glee Club. He was a gallant escort of the girls' basket-ball team on their memorable trip to South Whitley and was of great assistance in extricating their car from Mother Earth.



ALTA BAKER

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3; Tennis Club, 1, 2, 3; Sunshine Society, 1; Penmanship Class, 4; Personals Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4.

Alta is another one who has her own troubles in Physics class, but she usually is victorious and pulls down a good grade. She is usually to be found with Eva, wearing her ever-cheerful smile.

"I certainly feel nutty," lamented the pecan tree

...13...



THOMAS GALLIVAN

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3; Debating, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; American in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Tony in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Tom is not really one of our number, but he decided to leave his old friends, Weick and Meyers, behind and join his destiny with ours. We welcome him into our midst not simply because he increased our numbers to an even four dozen, but because we are glad to have "Irish" for what he is, a good fellow in every way.

MARY KESSLER

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3; Tennis Club, 1, 2; Sunshine Society, 1; Dramatic Club, 4; Alix in "The Charm School", 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; American in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Villager in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Mary is a rival of Mildred S. when it comes to a fluent command of the French language. Mary is one of the group who is attracted by the bright lights of Huntington. She is a live and active member of the class of '23.

MARION BURNWORTH

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Club, 3; Band, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Science Club, 2; Dramatic Society, 4; Villager in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Marion is the one with the sleek black hair. His dates with Virginia are as regular as clockwork and they (Marion and Virginia) are never known to quarrel. Marion is a loyal worker for the school and a good helper in anything that comes along.

SARAH SCOTT

Entered '22. Editor-in-chief of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4; Dramatics Club, 4; Lillian in "The Charm School", 4; Glee Club, 4; Belle in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; "Inter Nos", 4.

Sarah is our talented musician and, oh, she can play jazz. Sarah also helped to make the "Exhaust Pipe" what it is. She has been with us but one year, but that is long enough to make us know that we couldn't get along without her.

FRANCIS DOYLE

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, 4; Football, 3, 4; Basket-Ball, 3, 4, Captain, 4; Track, 2, 3, 4, Captain, 4; Debating Society, 3, 4, President, 4; George Boyd in "The Charm School", 4.

The class of '23 is proud of having produced such a star athlete as Francis Doyle. For our Francis has carried off letters in track, basket-ball and football. But alas, Francis himself has been carried off by "Chappie", one of our dignified post-graduates. We hear that he has to exercise extraordinary self-control while running the 440 to keep from changing his course and bouncing across to the Chapman domicile.

HELEN KENNER

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket-Ball, 1, 3, 4; Tennis Club, 2, 3; Sunshine Society, 1; Dramatic Society, 3, 4; American in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3.

"Peggy" is a basket-ball girl. She is the envy of all the girls because of her naturally curly hair. Although shy, we hear that Peg can hold her own with anyone.



HELEN CORDILL

Sunshine Society, 1; Athletic Association, 2, 3; History Club, 3; Dramatics, 4; Muriel in "The Charm School", 4.

"Hank's girl" is a general favorite around C. C. H. S. With her winning smile and blue eyes she has vamped her way into the heart of every Senior man. Helen is always there when she is needed and is ever ready to lend a helping hand.

GARLAND BORN

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket-Ball, 3, 4; Football, 4.

Garland rejoined us at Christmas time and added one more to our learned ranks. He was formerly an athlete of note, but this year he was ineligible, being a five-year man. He is always ready to take part in a little fun and we are glad to have him with us again.

MARY CARTER

Sunshine Society, 1; Athletic Association, 1, 2; Debating Society, 3, 4.

Mary does not have as much trouble with her Physics as do Alta and Mildred, because she has a friend who helps her along these lines. We have heard various conflicting reports about her and Olen S. and have not been able to discover the truth of the matter. Mary is an active worker and made a record in selling tickets for the class play.

PAUL SATTISON

Debating, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; Annual Board, 3, 4.

Paul is known in C. C. as a hard worker, a good sport, and a top-notch student. "Sat" is said to be rather bashful, but we think this is a mistake, judging from the many notes he receives from a certain Junior girl.

MILDRED STICKLEY

Athletic Association, 2, 3, 4; Sunshine Society, 1; History Club, 3; Dramatic Society, 4; Ethel in "The Charm School", 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Maiden in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Susette in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Mildred is one of the girls of our class whose favorite indoor sport is giggling. Haven't you heard it? It's a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Mildred is a star French student and we hear that she can "Parlez-vous" with great ability. She is a good dancer and adds pep and life to any party.

RALPH BROCKENHAMER

Current History Club, 3; Penmanship Class, 4; Track, 4.

"Brock" surprised us all this spring when he came out for track and developed into one of the best distance runners we have. He has the spirit that wins out in everything and is an all-around good fellow.

"Distance Lends Enchantment"—to examinations

...15...



MAY KORTRIGHT

Sunshine Society, 1; Dramatics, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2, 4; Indian in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; American in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Assistant Literary Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe".

May has furnished a great deal of literary material for "The Exhaust Pipe" and the Annual. She is a fine worker and a booster for everything which will help C. C., and is never known to kick about anything.

ARTHUR ROSER

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket-Ball, 3, 4; Athletic Club, 3; Band, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 4; Purdue Trips, 1, 2.

"Art" also is a charter member of the Bachelor Club. He has earned his letter in basket-ball, but his latest hobby is tennis and he is learning to swing a mean racket. Morpheus holds him prisoner in English class, but he rouses in time to have his daily chat with Miss Stanley after classes.

ALICE OVERDEER

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec.-Treas., 4; Basket-Ball Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis Club, Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Indian in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Fantine in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Dramatic Society, 3, 4; Dotsie in "The Charm School", 4; President of "Inter Nos", 4.

"Al", our basket-ball star, has the distinction of being the smallest girl in our class; but this does not prevent her from being one of the most popular members of the class of '23. She and "Doc" can usually be found on the tennis courts winning a "love" game.

RALPH SHEPHERD

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2; Basket-Ball, 4; Football, 4; Track, 4; Glee Club, 4; American in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Larry in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Jim Simpkins in "The Charm School", 4.

Who is the good-natured looking fellow with the wavy hair? Oh, that's "Shep". Yes, he talks a great deal, kidding some girl usually. And he is quite irrepressible in classes. But he is serious enough in debates. And he is an athlete, too, with more pluck and pep than lots of fellows twice his size.

HELEN BRENNEMAN

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket-Ball, 3, 4; Tennis Club, 3; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Katonka in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Aunt Sarah in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Debating Society, 3; Debating Team that went to Warsaw, 3; Dramatic Club, 4; Miss Curtis in "The Charm School", 4; Fourth Prize in McLallen Contest, 2; First Prize in McLallen Contest, 3; Second Place in County Oratorical Contest, 3; Managing Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4; "Inter Nos", 4.

"Doc" is not only an orator and an "E" student, but also a basket-ball star. Then, too, she is an actress, and as Miss Curtis in "The Charm School" she certainly made a hit. As managing editor of "The Exhaust Pipe" she contributed much toward making it a success. Helen is above all an enthusiastic booster for C. C. H. S.

GLENN WORKMAN

Debating, 3, 4; Football Squad, 4.

Glenn is one of our reliable debaters. He is also a good student and a supporter of the school in all its activities. Part of his time has been spent in taking the Manual Training Short Course, which consists in making over the desktop which he had embellished with his initials.

If he kissed her on the cheek would Alice say Overdeer?

...16...



VIRGINIA CLARK

Sunshine Society, 1; Current History Club, 3; Dramatic Society, 3, 4; Elise Benedotti in "The Charm School", 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Indian in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Yvonne in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

To mention Virginia without Marion seems impossible, but it is necessary. Virginia is another talented singer, and she delighted everyone with her portrayal of the character of "Elise" in "The Charm School".

ROY PRICE

Athletic Association, 1, 2; Current History Club, 3; Vocational Information, 4; Glee Club, 4; American in "Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Percy, our husband, has persevered and finished his high school course, although overwhelmed by the many duties of married life. Though generally busy, he never refuses to help when asked.

ELOISE TROUT

Sunshine Society, 1; Athletic Association, 1, 2; Dramatics, 3, 4.

Eloise is a good all-round student and is especially good in French. It has come to our ears in some way that she is about to take the final step in things matrimonial and we extend her our best wishes.

HOLLIE DE POY

Entered '22. Debating, 4; Football Squad, 4.

Hollie came to us this year from Etna, that metropolis of the north which has produced many famous men. It was Hollie who introduced to us the project of the Rotary Club for a banquet for the Senior boys, and we certainly owe him our thanks for that.

FREEDA HAAS

Sunshine Society, 1; Dramatic Society, 3; Penmanship Class, 4; Associate Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4.

Freeda is shy and quiet, but a better worker could not be found. She has given valuable assistance in writing for the Annual and the "Exhaust Pipe". She is jolly enough when you know her and we would not willingly graduate without her.

JAMES LILLICH

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Indian in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; American in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Debating, 3, 4; Joke Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4.

"Pick" is the guy who can make us laugh. He has so much good humor in his system that he just can't contain all of it. Accordingly, he relieves the pressure by exploding, in class or out, it makes no difference to him. He has relieved the tedium of many a dull hour by his brilliant outbursts.

*The man who wakes up and finds himself famous hasn't been asleep
...17...*



ALBERT PENCE

History Club, 3; Vocational Information, 4.

Albert is a quiet, but industrious, member of the class of '23. He drives a Ford sedan, but we have never heard whether he can drive with one hand or not. He is handy with tools and a good student in manual training.



EVA FOSTER

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Sunshine Society, 1; Artcraft Class, 3; History Club, 3; Penmanship Class, 4.

Eva, of the snapping brown eyes and the perfect marcelle, is a quiet member of our class, but one that we should miss very much. But, it's rumored that Eva is captured by a graduate of '21, so turn your eyes elsewhere.



JOSEPHINE GEIGER

Entered '22. Penmanship, 4.

Josephine entered our class in our Junior year, coming here from West Virginia. She often entertains us by telling about the people down there in the mountains. We know that her future is already decided, but nevertheless we are all "strong" for Josephine.



MILDRED CUMMINS

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis Club, 3; Sunshine Society, 1; History Club, 3; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Flower girl in "Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Dramatics, 4; Glee Club, 4; Artcraft Class, 3, 4; "Inter Nos", 4; Literary Editor of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4.

She likes 'em tall; we wonder why. Mildred joined us from Etna in her Freshman year and has proven herself a valuable member of the class. From 8:10 to 8:50 in the morning you will find her in the Laboratory, shaking her head over the difficulty of finding the velocity of sound.



THOMAS EYANSON

Yell Leader, 3, 4; American in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Debating, 3; Fourth Prize in McLallen Contest, 3.

Tommy is our yell leader. Although not very large he has a stentorian voice and fills his position well. He always gives us a lecture whenever he leads our yells. Tommy's favorite amusements are getting rid of a quantity of beans in the assembly room and making week-end excursions to Churubusco.



MARGARET WYNKOOP

Sunshine Society, 1; Grammar Class, 3; Dramatic Society, 3, 4; Puritan in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; American in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Margaret is one about whom we know so many good things that we hardly know where to begin. She is an active member of the Glee Club. She is also known for her ability in Home Economics. We think that this should go well with John's agriculture.

Success is one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration

...18...



EDWIN MEITZER

Athletic Association, 1, 2; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; American in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; First in Musical Memory Contest, 2; Tim Simpkins in "The Charm School", 4.

"Speed" has developed into a regular fellow. Like Sarah, he is a musician by talent and is even willing to give us a tune for a dance. He is a dependable member of the orchestra and glee club, and a live wire when it comes to class parties.

MARY LUCILLE GOODMAN

Dramatics, 3, 4; Grammar Class, 3; "Inter Nos", 4; Prize Trip to Purdue, 2; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Geisha in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Candy girl in "Bells of Beaujolais", 4.

Mary Lucille is a daughter of Collins. We have discovered in her a first class poet, who has contributed much to "The Exhaust Pipe". We hear that she is sporting a diamond, which, of course, could be nothing more than a present from her aunt—but is it?

JAMES KALER

Minstrel, 1; Debating, 3, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 4; Business Manager of "The Exhaust Pipe", 4; Austin Bevans in "The Charm School", 4.

We nominate him to defend the interests of the Democratic party. Anytime politics are being discussed James gets very ardent. When he isn't engaged in an argument he is usually "making eyes" at Helen B. Jim is an orator and debater of note. He made quite a hit as Austin Bevans in "The Charm School". He is also famous for his "big stags". And we all love to hear him read French.

KATHERINE RUCKMAN

Maona in "Mitsu-Yu-Nissi", 1; Dramatic Society, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Mercy in "The Captain of Plymouth", 2; Cherryblossom in "Miss Cherryblossom", 3; Phillis in "The Bells of Beaujolais", 4; Athletic Association, 2, 3, 4; Annual Board, 4.

Kate has "earned" a right to be a member of the class of '23. She has taken part in our operettas and is a dancer of no mean ability. Kate has not been with us all of the year and we are glad to have her back for the finish.

RALPH GEIGER

Entered '22; Debating, 3, 4; Football, 4.

Ralph has the honor of being the tallest member of our class. He joined our ranks in '22, after having served in the navy for some years. Besides his height, he is famous for his yarns of navy life, both in and out of classes.

LILLIE WORKMAN

Sunshine Society, 1; Dramatics 3; Penmanship Class, 4.

Lillie, Glen's sister, is one of our class who pulls down the grades. Lillie has driven in every morning to our school, and now after her four years she has taken up her abode in our fair city. But has she brought her heart along? We notice that she has been wearing a diamond.

*Most women need no eulogy—they speak for themselves
...19...*

Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Three, being (as we think) of sound mind and perfect health (having enough of the last mentioned article to last us the rest of our lives), but nevertheless, looking forward to that time when we shall shuffle off this mortal coil to seek that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns, do hereby declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, revoking all other wills, codicils, and sections of wills which may have been made heretofore. Attested, this twenty-third day of April, by Glenn P. Galloway and John Barton.

SECTION I

Item 1. We do bequeath unto that portion of our high school remaining after our graduation, enough of our superfluous brilliancy to make the ace of spades look like the Aurora Borealis, or approximately ten light years.

Item 2. To the verdant Freshman class, we leave a blue print of the upper halls of the high school building, so that in their innocent wanderings they may not stray into the girls' rest room instead of the office.

Item 3. Unto the sophisticated Sophomores we leave our rare and valuable collection of interlinear translations of Caesar's commentaries (otherwise known as ponies,) to be used with discretion and handled with care, and in addition to this, a book on "Giggles, their Prevention and Cure."

Item 4. To the light minded Juniors we leave one Encyclopedia of Senior Etiquette, or "How to Behave Properly under Any Circumstances," in six volumes, bound in chicken skin, and written by John Thomas Eyanson, whose excellent conduct grade qualifies him to write on the subject.

SECTION II

Item 1. To Walter William Weick, otherwise known as Bud the Peeper, and also to his ardent companion, William E. Meyers, we leave one half-dozen packages of "Monkey Grip," with which to patch some of their notorious "big tears".

Item 2. To Duke Waterfall we leave the following recipe for Rudolf Vaselino hair dressing: To two drops of rain water add 1¼ lbs. of tallow, 3 oz. of beeswax and a box of shinola; shake well before using and apply locally before or after meals.

Item 3. To Glenn Shook we leave two plugs of J. T. and a round trip ticket to La Otto.

Item 4. The conduct grades of Helen Brenneman we do leave as an heritage unto Paul Allen.

Item 5. Unto Cleon Foust we leave a bevy of Freshman lassies as a special gift to insure his future happiniess, and we do provide that henceforth he shall be known, not simply as "Billy," but as "Sweet William."

Item 6. To Elizabeth Mossman we leave a swivel chair in front of the assembly room desk, so that when she wishes to speak to Mr. Galloway she will not need to run around all over the room.

Item 7. To our old friend and companion, Kenny Roberts, we leave as many years as may be necessary to complete his high school education, and we do provide that on no account shall his instructors fail him in more than four subjects.

Item 8. Unto James K. Northam we bequeath Harvey Carter's vast vocabulary, with full instructions for using it.

Item 9. Unto "Bus" Kenner we leave a goodly supply of neckties to be worn only upon special occasions.

Item 10. To Louie, otherwise known as "Two Gun," Weston we do bequeath a brace of six shooters guaranteed to shoot seven times without reloading, and a one-way ticket to "God's Country", where men are men and axes are axes and monkey wrenches are monkey wrenches.

Item 11. We leave unto Robert Ward a spike nail and a piece of cheese, so that he will have something to wonder about.

Item 12. To Miss Louise Erdmann we leave the latest edition of "How to be Happy though Married," written by Roy Price and Mary Carter.

Item 13. To Mr. Fisher we leave a new set of springs for his Dodge car.

Item 14. To Harry Reid we leave a Dusenber Special, so that his conception of speed may become a realization: also to him we bequeath a quart of raisin jack and enough gas to take him to Huntington.

Item 15. To Clement Evard, we are glad to will a pair of loaded bones and 30c worth of pennies so that he may set up in business.

Item 16. To Hob Gelvin we leave James Kaler's ability to sing in French, and we do admonish him, if he cannot get the notes right, by all means to sing the rests.

Item 17. To Mary Johnston, in addition to three fraternity rings from Harvard, Yale and Long Cliff, we leave a third interest in the Bailey and Vanderford Vamping Company, and Virginia Clark's ability to catch and keep hot things such as Burn-worths.

Item 18. To Phil Wigent, we bequeath August Kelley's latest book on "Tailoring," two bottles of "Duke" Waterfall's "Stay Put" hair grease, and a life job as hash slinger at Price's Restaurant.

SECTION III

Item 1. We do hereby appoint and name Richard Kissinger and James Northam as Executors of this our Last Will and Testament.

Item 2. We do provide that within three days of our demise, our obituary shall be duly published in the "Churubusco Truth" and in the "Exhaust Pipe," and that our body shall be interred with fitting ceremonies, and that a stone shall be placed above our last resting place bearing an inscription suitable to the occasion.

Item 3. In witness whereof we hereunto set our hands and seal this 23rd day of April, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Class of 1923, C. C. H. S.

We have duly subscribed our names hereunto as witnesses:

Signed: GLENN P. GALLOWAY
JOHN BARTON.

(Seal)



Senior Prophecy

One beautiful balmy day in May, I sat at my seat in Assembly trying to read a newspaper. But as I sat I slept. And as I slept I dreamed. I dreamed of my classmates and I wondered what in the world they would ever amount to, what and where they would be about twenty years from now. And soon it seemed somehow that I was reading a newspaper of the year of 1940. "Here", I thought, "is a chance to find out what my old classmates are doing." And so I eagerly scanned the paper to gain news of them.

What should I find on the first page but an article on Harvey Carter, erstwhile president of the class. It seemed that he had been elected president of the A. O. G. W., that is the Associated Onion Growers of the World, having headquarters at Collins, Indiana, U. S. A. I noted that his latest feat was that of raising the strongest onion ever known, which made him one of the leading lights of the scientific world. Being encouraged by the news of Harvey's success I turned my attention to our other student from Collins, Mary Carter. In the news of the business world I soon found her mentioned as the head of a steamship company operating steamers on a canal from Collins

...21...

to Churubusco. Delighted by the success these two had made, I decided to look further still, and the next person that I found was Bob Heinley, although I almost missed him because he was referred to as the Honorable Robert Heinley. His position was acting as Secretary of State for Andrew Gump. Also in connection with the news of the government, I found Mildred Cummins mentioned. She was a Senator, though even the Socialist party which elected her had renounced her because of her radical views. Chancing to turn to the sport section, I was surprised to find news of three of my former classmates. Garland Born had taken the place of "Babe" Ruth in the hearts of the baseball fans, and I noticed that he had hit five home runs in one game the day before, which, however, was not an unusual occurrence for him. Another one of our number who had gained fame in the sports world was discovered when I found an article telling how the women's tennis champion had been defeated and the champion of the world was now Alice Overdeer. However, I was still more astounded when I noticed that one of the leading contenders for the heavyweight championship of the world was the 250 pound phenomenon, "One-blow" Meitzler. Turning to the literary section of the paper I looked for the authors that we might have produced. Almost the first thing I found was the announcement of a new book, "The Silken Hair", written by Jean Trembley. Also in this section of the paper I found mention of a poet who had come from our class. It was Lucille Goodman, and the paper mentioned that she was a worthy contemporary of Frank Grable. I was about to skip the scandal and divorce section of the paper, thinking that surely no member of my class would be mentioned there; but alas, almost the first name I saw was that of a renowned divorce lawyer, who, it was said, could get a divorce for anybody within one week, at the nominal price of five hundred dollars. The name of this noted lawyer was Roy Price. Happening to glance at the article in which I saw his name, I found mentioned a couple of suits which he was prosecuting. One of them was that of Helen Cordill who was getting a divorce from her sixth husband on the grounds that she had been married to him for a whole year and was tired of him. The other case which I noticed was that of Virginia Clark. I didn't notice what reason she gave for desiring a divorce, but I did see that she was thinking of marryin' (Marion) again. Turning to the theatrical section I found an announcement that the great actor, Ralph Shepherd, was appearing as Gertrude in "The Great Impersonation." The same night at another theatre in New York a concert was to be given by the noted tenor, Glenn Workman. Happening to glance at the business section of the paper again I noted the name of Eloise Trout. It seemed that she was operating a well patronised railroad running from various points in Indiana to Hillsdale, Michigan. In another part I found an account of a lecture given by the noted divine, Rev. Eva Foster, on the subject of "The Dangers of Dancing". Having always wondered what Jack Pentz would ever amount to I began looking the paper over to see if I couldn't find some news of him. I had almost given up when I found him mentioned as one of the column editors of the paper, his special duty being that of giving advice to the lovelorn. It was said that he was one of the best in his line, and he attributed part of his success to his past experience.

Having exhausted the paper for news of my class and being eager to learn more about them, I determined to find someone that could give me further information. I thought that certainly old Prof. Galloway ought to know about them, so I went in search of him. I found him resting in his office after his team had played their last game and won the Big Ten football championship. His head was bald and smooth as only ivory can be, except for a fringe around the edges, but nevertheless he still retained some of the fire and vigor of his youth. He was willing to tell me what I wanted to know, so I began asking him questions. "What", I asked, "has become of Jim Kaler?"

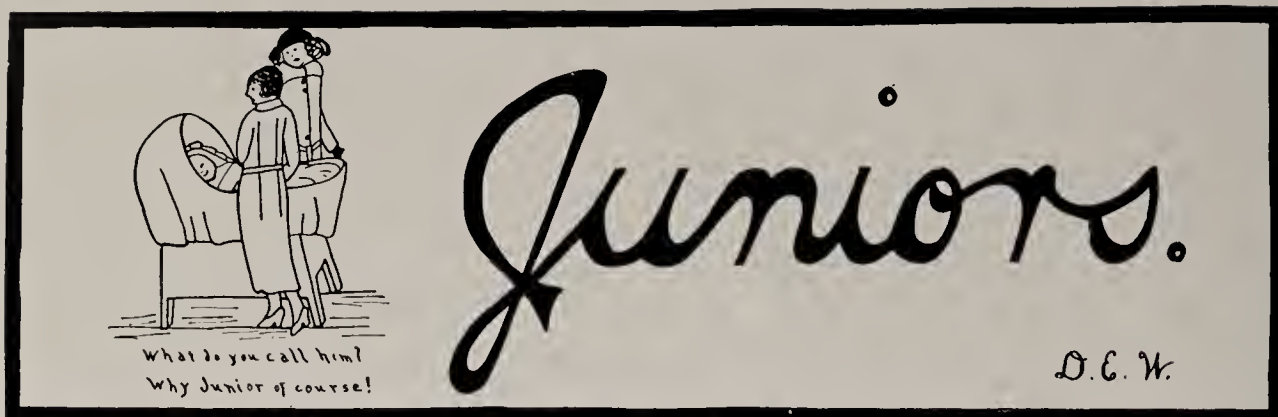
"Oh", he answered, "He is a movie star and has taken Rodolfo's place in the hearts of the fair sex."

I was so overcome with envy that I could say nothing to this, so I told the worthy professor to fire away and tell me all he knew about the old class.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you all that I can remember about them. I'll start with the members of that old Physics class of mine. I can never forget that class though I sometimes wish I could. Now, there is Hollie DePoy, he is a general in the Mexican Army. And Sailor Geiger has taken up ruling as a profession. He is the chief of a very wild Filipino tribe. Then, there's Doc. Roser. He's still writing love sonnets to Kate Ruckman. And as for her, all she gets done is writing negative answers to them. And there's Mildred Stickley. She is a chorus girl in the Ziegfield Follies and I understand that she is showing up well. Madge Schumaker is still living in C. C. but it is said that she is much interested in a product of Etna. As for Alta Baker she is a very daring race driver, and in her Duesenberg Special she won the last Indianapolis Speedway Automobile race. You remember Lillie Workman? They tell me that she's the lily of Lima, Ohio. And Mary Wigent has gone to Africa to act as a missionary. And then there is Francis Doyle. He has followed up his early training and is now a rival to Emerson—as a soap box orator. There is really only one member of the class who has done credit to his early training. That is Paul Sattison. He is Professor of Physics at Harvard College, and I fully believe that the main part of his education I gave him in high school. Now you would hardly think that Paul would be the one to be the great physicist. I always thought that "Pick" Lillich would occupy that position. But you could tell from his early disposition what he would be; he is an undertaker and funeral director. I am not sure of the whereabouts of Albert Pence but I understand that since he graduated from high school he has been attending Wittenberg College, and he is entertaining great hopes of graduating within three or four years. Mary Kessler is still waiting for "Sixty". Marion Burnworth is touring Virginia. Sarah Scott is also traveling as she and "Luke" have started around the world in the Chevrolet. Tommy Eyanson never grew up, but his small size helped him a lot for his light weight enabled him to become an expert jockey. He rode the horse that won the Kentucky derby last year and he is going to try again this year. Helen Kenner is studying Physics at Yale for the last ten years, and she states that she soon expects to master the subject. You remember Ralph Pratt? Well, he is keeping bachelor quarters at Raber. Mary Frances Raber has started upon her life work; she is running a Kewpie doll stand at Coney Island. Elizabeth Claxton is nursing her complexion at Cleveland, Ohio. May Kortright is growing gray in Roanoke. You know Ralph Brockenhamer? He is on Wall street playing the stock market, and raking in the cash. It is said that only one with his iron constitution could hold his position, for he has almost ruined his right arm clipping coupons, signing checks, etc. Then there's Doc. Brenneman. She is raising pedigreed dogs. I hear that she once said that when she was a little child she had a dog which died. Her heart was nearly broken, and since then she has had an undying devotion to canine animals. Now Margaret Wynkoop has very poor health. She married a very rich man and all she has to do is to sit around and have people wait on her. Her poor health has so harmed her that she weighs only ninety pounds. Josephine Geiger has a bird store, and she says that she is simply in love with all the birds there, especially the robins. Freeda Haas, I hear, is a detective, a rival of Sherlock Holmes and Hawkshaw; some even say that she is better than either of them. Mildred Eisaman has entered the business world. She is now editing the "Cute Stories" magazine, which is said to contain some pretty sharp things. Then there is Thomas Gallivan. He has decided that his first duty is to his country over the seas, so he has returned to the Emerald Isle and is leading the Irish Free State Troops. I guess that is all of the class except you. What are you doing now?" Mr. Galloway asked me.

I tried in vain to think what my occupation was, but every time I groped for a thought a cloud seemed to settle over my brain; and so slowly I awoke to find "Gip" still the handsome and inspiring youth that he is, and my classmates still living their more or less humdrum lives as students, in the most profound ignorance of the fate that awaits them.

Dick Fisher, '23.



History of the Class of '24

We, the class of '24, were ushered into the house of learning on a balmy September morning in 1920. Although we seemed timid and childish to the upperclassmen, there were many signs of future greatness lurking in all our deeds and words. We soon dropped our eighth grade custom of carrying flowers and apples to our teachers, and quickly discovered ways of conveying notes to the different parts of the assembly room.

At the middle of the year twenty-eight Freshmen from the West Ward joined us and helped to strengthen our forces.

Our first class party was held at the home of Clyde Schey. The second semester we held our parties at the homes of Hazel Whiteleather and Clyde Schey. The second party was a picnic—without any chaperons, a fact which shows that we are a class to be trusted, although we must admit that the absence of chaperons was not of our planning.

With no little regret we acquired the name of Sophomores. From sixty-three Freshmen our ranks were diminished to fifty-three Sophomores, some of our members haven taken a voyage on the sea of matrimony. During our second year of High School life we rented the Eagles' Hall for our first party. Near the close of school we walked out to the country home of Ferne Secrist, for a picnic supper, and there spent a very joyous evening.

Now that we are Juniors, we are very much surprised to find ourselves still human, for we had looked upon a Junior as some divinity. Our enrollment this year was increased by the entrance of several out-of-town students.

The class of '24 is well represented on the basket-ball teams, in both glee clubs, the orchestra and the debating society.

We are now looking forward to the time when we shall be Seniors and can look down upon the Freshmen, as we were looked down upon three years ago.

Elbertine Briggs, '24.

No, Elaine, autocrats don't necessarily have to ride in autos

...24...



JUNIORS

Bottom row: left to right—Oliva Miller, Ruby Herriman, Elbertine Briggs, Thelma Pence, Maud Ballard, Florence Kourt, Pauline Driscoll, Bessie Pence, Mary Farren, Lavon Beeson, Rosella Shilts, Pleasance Armel, Ferne Martin and Velma Paulus.

Second row: Lewis Weston, Robert Ward, Mildred Geiger, Hazel Coulter, Hazel Whiteleather, Izora Leaman, Leela Smith, Elizabeth Harter, Cleon Foust, Paul Allen, Paul Sheets and Fredrick Sell.

Third row: John Connell, Stephen Jones, Harry Reid, Glenn Shook, Marion Mayberry, Philip Wigent, Frederick Waterfall, Marion Oman, Thomas Gallivan, Walter Weick, Ellis Kauffman and Jay Harris.

Fourth row: James Wade, Harry Lawrence, Clyde Schey, Earl Anderson, Russel Fletcher, Esta Keirn, Arnold Crowell, Clyde Mowrey, Lloyd Deutsch, Porter Crowell, Cleon Schuman and Lee McKinney.

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Cleon Foust

Vice-President—Elbertine Briggs

Secretary-Treasurer—Hazel Whiteleather

Life is a grindstone, and whether it grinds a man down or polishes him up depends on the stuff he's made of.—Josh Billings.



History of the Class of '25

In the year 1921, twenty-eight timid Freshmen made their appearance in the halls of C. C. H. S. They were given seats in the assembly and had the honor of being the last class to procure seats in the assembly upon entering High School. At first they wandered about the halls and made many blunders, but they soon became accustomed to the ways of the school.

Vivian Shaw and Fred Shepherd were elected to the annual board to represent the class in its Freshman year. A literary society was formed with Charles Lancaster as president and Fred Shepherd as secretary. The society gave several splendid programs during the school year. In the Sophomore year the society was reorganized with Vivian Shaw as president and Lois Chapman as secretary. A dramatic version of the Iliad was given before the assembly by the society. This was very good and was received favorably by the students as was evidenced by their frantic clapping.

The Class of '25 is noted for the number of athletes it has produced. Harry Rhoads, second only to Charles Paddock, made the 220 in 22 2-5 seconds. He also won the prize for the highest number of points in the interclass track meet. Harry Boyd made substitute on the basket-ball team in the Sophomore year and showed up well. Harry Rhoads, Harry Boyd, Philip Gelvin, and Robert Clugston showed up well in football and will be excellent material for next year.

The class is famous for its exceptional oratorical ability. Two of its members, Helen McConnell and Robert Clugston, reached the finals of the McLallen contest in 1922. Ha! Ha! Helen McConnell took second place with a wonderful oration. In 1923 Robert Clugston reached the finals.

The class held its semi-annual class party at the Eagles' Hall. It was well attended and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

In the Sophomore year, Mary Dowell and Fred Shepherd were the members of the class placed on the annual board.

Fred Shepherd, '25.

*How is the high school heated?
By the friction of the air and flying notes.*

...26...



SOPHOMORES

Bottom row, left to right—Pauline Lancaster, Dorothy Lemmon, Lucile Menefee, Elizabeth Mossman, Eloise Bailey, Mary Johnston, Bernice Carver, Elizabeth White, Mary Dowell, Mary Vanderford, Lois Chapman, Helen McConnell, Dorothy Hoos, Helen Carter, Verna Decker, Vivian Shaw.

Second row—Charles Lancaster, Daniel Clapham, Joseph Cook, Franklin Shultz, Arthur Anderson, Harry Boyd, Berlin Foster, Clyde Martin, Cleon Harshbarger, Lloyd Kenner, Clement Evard, Marion Fisher, Wayne McKinney, Fred Shepherd.

Third row—Hazel Hunter, Mary Taylor, Blanche Williams, Geraldine Markwalder, Esther James, Daisy Hartman, Velma Western, Fay Dowell, Bonita Metz, Erma Staples, Helen Buffenbarger, Bessie Cox, Fern Secrist, Clara Bauer, Enid Mayberry, Fred Rodgers.

Fourth row—Harry Rhoads, Philip Gelvin, Mildred DeWitt, Joy Mosher, Elizabeth Clugston, Ima Hyatt, Pauline Phillips, Hazel Hyatt, Mildred Phillips, Mary Magley, Nellie Shaw, Gerald Deutsch, Marion Lawrence, Robert Clugston.

*The Pessimist says, "It can't be done." The Optimist says, "Let George do it."
Meanwhile the Peptimist has done it.*



History of the Class of '26

On a September morning in 1922 a class of Freshmen entered the institution known as "good old C. C. H. S." The first week was one of confusion and much embarrassment. These Freshmen could be seen wandering about the halls. Many got into the wrong classrooms but finally found the right ones.

After a few weeks the Freshmen organized a literary society which was named the "Webster Literary Society", in honor of Daniel Webster.

The Freshmen gave two plays. The first was entitled "The First Thanksgiving Dinner". This was a play showing the life of the Pilgrims. The play could not start on scheduled time because the person who was taking the part of Miles Standish had run out of gasoline four miles out in the country. Imagine Miles Standish going about the country in a Ford! The second play was entitled "The Dearest Thing in Boots". This play showed the struggles of a young man trying to sell shoes. It was an event not to be forgotten both by those who gave it and those who heard it.

The class party at the home of Gale Bower was a great success. The guests were entertained by games and music. Delicious refreshments were served. Two members of the faculty acted as chaperons.

The class of '26 has many gifted members, four of whom are in the high school orchestra and one in the junior orchestra.

There are many coming athletes. One member of the class was on the basket-ball team and is also broad-jumping on the track team.

Richard D. Kissinger, '26.

The softest of all snaps is the click of a well-filled pocketbook



FRESHMEN

Bottom row, left to right—Cecil Ward, Howard Workman, Clarence Eberhard, Ronald Roebuck, David Reider, Ted McClain, Earl Grable, James Northam, John Trembley, Dwight Malone, John Leech, John Parrish, Arthur Henline.

Second row—Helen Roebuck, Josephine Shook, Bernice Woods, Gladys Wynkoop, Eva Mae Manes, Thelma Perry, Elizabeth White, Amelia DePoy, Enid Crowell, Gale Bower, Dorothy Winch, Mary Keiser, Estella Growcock, Carrie Schey.

Third row—Harold Hay, William Funk, Walter Mowrey, Chauncey Herrendeen, Virgil Kellog, Kenneth Pratt, Leigh Plummer, Richard Kissinger, John Markley, James Oman, Robert Weston, Frank Crowell, Paul Forrester, Francis Walker, Merlin Loe.

Fourth row—Robert Secrist, Mildred Foster, Esther Grable, Verna Herr, Gladys Keiser, Geraldine Hindman, Edith Walters, Myrtle Coyle, Dorothy Coyle, Irene Carter, Aline Welsheimer, Blondena Geiger, Martha Eyanson, Rhea Workman, Neva Butler, Kathryne Stemen, Elizabeth Eyanson, Dorothy Slusser.

Fifth row—Ilo Mae Pressler, Jessie VanVoorst, Pauline Hill, Alice VanVoorst, Gertrude Davis, Lulu Buffenbarger, David Johnson, Paul Hartman, Alton Marker, Sheldon Cooperrider, Russell Butler, Raymond Karst, Ernest Grable, Henry Shraeder, Howard Nelson, Harley Petit.

Six days shalt thou labor—if on the seventh thou woulds't enjoy a ride in thy flivver.



Bottom row, left to right—Lily Pence, Ruth Welford, Margaret Weick, Martha Ellen Menefee, Helen Shriner, Mabel Parrish, Dorothy Brubaker, Alma Emrick.

Second row—John Washburn, Lawrence Johnston, Philip Lemmon, Catherine Shaw, Louise Johnston, Millie Loc, Elizabeth Brubaker, Wanda McNabb.

Third row—Howard Timmons, Charles Kniss, Owen Timmons, Vigilius Phillips, Russell Hastings, Donald Souders.

History of the Class of '27

Of the difficulties and mishaps that may befall a Freshman, the midyear student certainly encounters them all.

We came over enjoying a fine reputation and, like all other eighth graders, feeling that we were the raisins of the pie. We changed our minds, however, when we entered high school. We were scared to death, of course, as all Freshmen are. We were afraid of being laughed at and teased. But now we are used not merely as laughing stocks, but as targets to see which the others can throw the hardest at.

Some historian has said that it took his class six weeks to get acquainted, but it didn't take us that long. We are like a plant. We adapt ourselves to our environment and become some of the many.

Elizabeth Brubaker, '27.

Mere talk—Mother's advice

...30...

Athletics



Coaches

Football Basketball

Track





This year's football season was not a success from the standpoint of games won, but it was by no means a failure. A lot of credit is due Coach Galloway and the members of the team for their splendid spirit and continued trying in the face of hard luck. Carter, captain, and the only man trained for full back, received an injury in the second game which kept him from playing the rest of the season. In spite of this and other handicaps, the team went ahead and finished the schedule, never giving up. No one who saw the Garrett game will say that we did not have a fighting team.

Next year's prospects are very good. There are seven regulars, two of whom are letter men, and several subs with a good bit of experience, around which to build a team.

The schedule for next fall is as follows:

September 21—Fort Wayne Central—Here.
October 6—Auburn—There.
October 13—Kendallville—There.
October 20—Open date.
October 27—Garrett—There.
November 2—Huntington—Here.

Next year football will no longer be an experiment, and it is up to the team and the school to make good. Here's success to the team of '24!

Early to bed, and early to rise makes a man a farmer

...31...



Died Hard—Lot's wife

...32...

HARVEY CARTER. Carter was our captain and played the fullback position. But unfortunately he was able to play only one game and five minutes of another one because of a broken collar bone. Carter made a splendid fullback because of his size and line-plunging ability. He received his injury in the Huntington game while backing up the line.

FRANCIS DOYLE. Doyle was our captain after Carter received his injury, and a good one too. With his length, speed, and good judgment Doyle made an excellent end. There was never a man on the C. C. H. S. football team that worked harder or broke up more of the other side's plays than Doyle did. Many times it was Doyle's interference or Doyle's nabbing a pass out of the air that got us a first down.

RALPH SHEPHERD. Ralph was our quarterback, and if there was ever such a thing as grit, speed, and endurance in one 130-pound man, we believe Shepherd had it. He took more punishment in every game than all the rest put together. But do you think he would let them take him out? Well, I guess not. When it came to pluck Shepherd was all there. He was good at calling signals and a fine safety man on defense.

JACK PENTZ. Jack was fast and sure and made a mighty fine half back. He made consistent gains around left end or by catching short passes. He played nearly all the Garrett game with a cracked shoulder. It was in this game that he intercepted a forward pass and made a beautiful run two-thirds the length of the field. Jack always played a good hard game and gave all he had.

JAMES KALER. Kaler not only played in every game but never missed a practice. His accuracy on passing the ball made him a valuable man and his place at center will be a hard one to fill next year. Kaler's one misfortune was getting hurt in an unhandy portion of his anatomy.

JAMES LILLICH. "Pick" played tackle and if you don't believe he hit hard ask the man opposite him. He played a great game in the Fort Wayne Central game, spilling the first man in the interference and getting the man carrying the ball, time after time. Pick would have made a good fullback but he did not have a chance to play it enough. Besides being a good football player he kept everyone in good humor with his jokes.

KENNETH ROBERTS. Last year Roberts played guard; he started this year at end, then shifted to tackle and wound up by filling Carter's position at fullback. So you see he is at home anywhere you put him. He is always in the midst of the excitement and you simply can't hurt him. Kenny is noted for hitting 'em hard.

WALTER WEICK. "Bud" is a stone wall in the line. He tips the scales at 200 pounds and the opposition just looks him over and gives up trying to go through him. Bud, a veteran from last year, will be here again next fall and will add "great weight" to the team.

HARRY REID. Reid became a regular late in the season. He was a sure tackler and always put plenty of pep into his playing. Along with Deutsch he played a wonderful game against South Side, cutting through the line and making tackles repeatedly. He will be here next year and ought to show up better than ever.

STEPHEN JONES. Jones saw a good bit of service this year taking the place of Pentz while Jack was out of the game. He played a good defensive game against Warsaw, cutting short several end runs. Stevie, who hails from Hecla, is a general favorite and with this speed and pluck will be a valuable member of next year's team.

ELLIS KAUFFMAN. Kauffman filled the position of guard and played it well. In the game with Garrett you could see him swing his arms and then go crashing through the line, with destructive force. He has the weight, strength and solidity to make an ideal line man. He and Weick are a pair of guards around whom to build a good line for next year.

HARRY RHOADS. Harry played left half and besides doing his share of carrying the ball he did the drop kicking and long forward passing. Rhoads has two years yet and will make a good halfback or, if need be, a fullback for next year's team. He will make a valuable man at either position.

LLOYD DEUTSCH. Deutsch, along with Carter, comes from the onion country around Collins. He is tall, rangy and fast, and made a fine end. Everyone remembers the last game of the season, when Deutsch smashed through the interference time and time again, spilling two or three men and getting the man with the ball. And he kept right on throughout the game until at the end he could hardly stand up. He doesn't graduate this year so we expect a real grade of football from him next fall.

A parting glance—That of a cross-eyed man



Untold Agnoy—The secrets a woman keeps.

MR. GALLOWAY

This year Mr. Galloway has proved a real coach. He has shown his ability, first, in picking a good team, second, in developing that team, and third, in making it a winner. In football we had some hard luck but the saying is that it takes four years to make a football team. In basket-ball he developed one of the most successful teams we have ever had.

The track team this year was also one of the most successful we have ever had.

But above all, the thing we are most grateful to him for is the development of a strong high school spirit in our school.

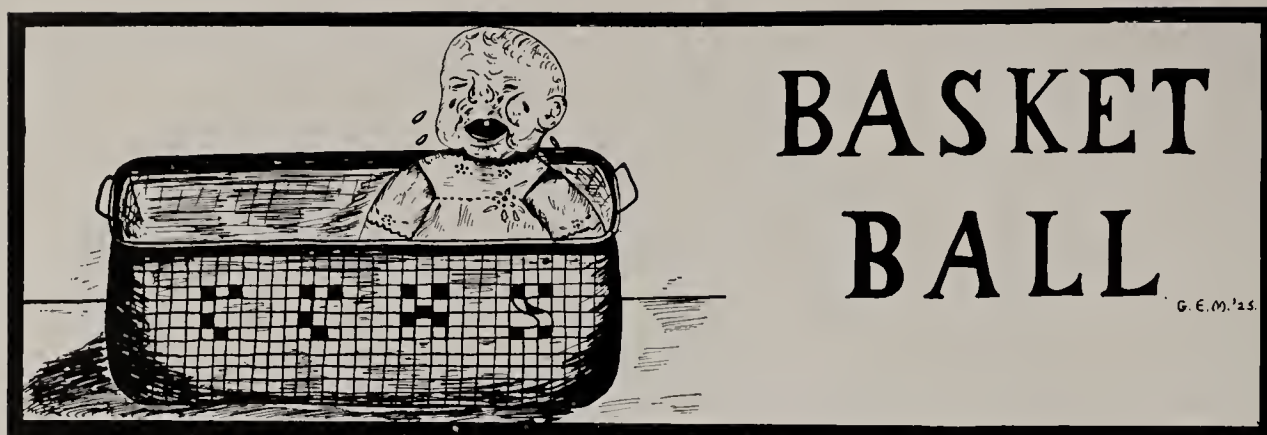


MISS ERDMAN

Miss Erdmann, our demure coach, has piloted our girls' team through a successful basket-ball year. Always cheerful and optimistic, she led the team through a very discouraging season, such as the time that one of the star guards was out.

She is also physical education teacher in the grades, and assistant director of the playgrounds. She helped make the operetta a success by aiding in the dances.





Basket-Ball Scores

BOYS

WINNER	LOSER	SCORE	PLAYED	TIME
Columbia City	South Whitley	23-20	Here	Nov. 24
Wolf Lake	Columbia City	24-10	There	Nov. 29
Central Catholic	Columbia City	22-17	Here	Dec. 8
North Manchester	Columbia City	32-10	There	Dec. 9
Atwood	Columbia City	22-6	There	Dec. 15
Columbia City	Washington Center	23-9	Here	Dec. 22
Warsaw	Columbia City	29-6	There	Dec. 26
Huntington	Columbia City	53-2	There	Jan. 13
Columbia City	Atwood	17-16	Here	Jan. 19
Columbia City	South Whitley	16-10	There	Jan. 26
South Side	Columbia City	29-7	There	Feb. 3
North Manchester	Columbia City	23-20	Here	Feb. 2
Warsaw	Columbia City	22-18	Here	Feb. 9
Columbia City	Washington Center	35-25	Here	Feb. 16
Wolf Lake	Columbia City	20-8	Here	Feb. 17
County Tournament				
Columbia City	Etna	46-10	Here	Feb. 23
Columbia City	Larwill	52-7	Here	Feb. 24
Columbia City	South Whitley	24-17	Here	Feb. 24
District Tournament				
Columbia City	Washington Center	23-10	Fort Wayne	March 2
South Side	Columbia City	22-12	Fort Wayne	March 3

GIRLS

WINNER	LOSER	SCORE	PLAYED	TIME
Columbia City	South Whitley	45-8	Here	Nov. 24
New Haven	Columbia City	12-8	There	Dec. 15
Warsaw	Columbia City	17-12	There	Jan. 20
Columbia City	South Whitley	25-14	There	Jan. 26
Warsaw	Columbia City	14-11	Here	Feb. 9
New Haven	Columbia City	28-25	Here	Feb. 16
Columbia City	Wolf Lake	39-3	Here	Feb. 17

Bippus game for Jan. 19 cancelled

If Josephine Shook, would Clyde Schey?

Boys' Basket-Ball

The basket-ball season opened at C. C. H. S. the 24th of November, when we met South Whitley. The prospects for a winning team were not very encouraging as all of last year's team were graduated except Doyle, our back guard. But with Doyle as a nucleus, Coach Galloway built up a team that fought the harder when on the little end of the score. This first game of the season was a hotly contested one, but C. C. H. S. won by a margin of three points. This was the beginning of a series of hard fought battles on our floor.

We played teams that were seemingly out of our class, but we gave all we had to win. We lost most of our games away from home, but when the teams came to C. C. for a return game we surprised them and played them to a standstill. This was especially true of the Manchester game at Columbia City. After a defeat at Manchester by the score of 32 to 10, it seemed that C. C. had no chance at all against that team. However, we were not the least bit discouraged, and when North Manchester came here we determined to show those big "huskies" that we could play basket-ball. At the crack of the pistol ending the game, the score stood 20-20. Five minutes overtime was played in which Manchester was able to score 3 points, thus becoming victor.

At Atwood, whose team was last year's champion in the district, we were hopelessly beaten; but when they came to C. C. we defeated them. This certainly shows that the team was not lacking in spirit when it entered a game.

C. C. H. S. gave more support to their team this year, and the team fought many losing games to the final crack of the gun.

For the first time a county tournament was held, the following teams participating: Etna, Larwill, Jefferson Center, Churubusco, Washington Center, South Whitley, and the victor—Columbia City.

The sectional tournament was held at Fort Wayne. We easily defeated Washington Center, but in the semi-finals we went down before South Side High in a hard fought game.

We have six letter men this year: Waterfall, Shook, Roser, Pentz, Doyle and Shepherd. The last three named will graduate leaving a few vacant places, but with the substitutes C. C. H. S. has, we can build up a team next year and have a winner! Let's go!!

Ralph Shepherd, '23

Girls' Basket-Ball

The girls' basket-ball team started the season with an easy victory over the South Whitley team. The opposing team was soon disheartened and Columbia City gained a lead which she maintained until the "grand finale."

Elated by our first victory, we traveled to New Haven, with high hopes of another victory. But, although we battled gamely, we could not withstand the onslaught of the New Havenites and the final score read in their favor.

Perhaps due to a shift in the lineup, Columbia City suffered a defeat at the hands of the Warsaw stalwarts. Although our girls fought to the finish we seemed lost on the enormous floor. 'Nuf sed—they won.

Mindful of our former victory over South Whitley, we journeyed to that fair city and again carried off the laurels. It was a hotly contested game but the score was in our favor.

Then came an opportunity to gain revenge when the Warsaw team came to C. C. Did we fight? Oh yes, but even our highest efforts could not bring the desired results. When the whistle blew, we had lost.

Anticipating a real combat, we eagerly awaited the arrival of the team from New Haven. After being pepped up by a peppy meeting we spiritedly advanced to meet the foe. This was the most exciting game of the season. Many times was the score tied and as many times did our opponents gain the lead. Frantically we fought, but to no avail, the victory was theirs.

Our last game was played with the little team from Wolf Lake, all of whom proved themselves true sports. While carrying away an overwhelming defeat, they bore it smilingly.

The team is to be commended for their cleanness in playing. Even off their own floor, at Warsaw only one foul was called, and at South Whitley none. I'm sure this is a record to be proud of.

Although the record of the team does not equal that of last year, the team deserves credit for the fight they put up. We are certain that the team next year will uphold the honor of C. C. H. S. and make us proud of them. On, '24, to victory!

Helen Brenneman, '23

If Glenn sees a black eyed girl will he carry the Galloway?



	Ralph Shepherd	Jack Pentz	
Fred Waterfall	Francis Doyle		Glenn Shook
Arthur Roser	Stephen Jones	David Johnson	

*Buy our Bandoine and Hairdressing. Special demonstration by Fritz Waterfall
The Shop on the Corner.*

FRANCIS DOYLE. Doyle was the most dependable man on the team this season. He was a star at either center or backguard, though because of the need of a stationary guard he played that position most of the time. He was captain of the team. At guard he could always be depended on to make the opponents shoot from outside the foul line. He made the all-county team at center, with the idea in mind of having him fall back to guard after the tip-off.

JACK PENTZ. Pentz was the floor guard and he ably assisted Doyle in holding the best teams in this district to long shots. His speed enabled him to get down and shoot once in a while, and still get back to guard when necessary. He made the all-county team. He also got honorable mention on the all-district team.

FRED WATERFALL. "Duke" was the man who played all over the floor wherever he was needed. He usually got the jump on the opposing centers. His guarding was excellent and he was able to solve the problem of shooting in strange halls when it was necessary. Some of his shots were thrillers, like the two he shot from center at South Whitley.

GLENN SHOOK. Shook was our all-star forward, whom they could not guard. He is noted far and wide for his one-handed shots, which had a habit of going in when least expected. He was high-point man for the season. He made the all-county team. Also he had the honor of being the only man outside of the Fort Wayne schools to make the all-district team.

RALPH SHEPHERD. "Shep" played forward this year. He was a new man on the team, but he played a good game all season. When he got the ball to one side of the basket he nearly always scored. His speed kept the opposing guards always on the run and often he got around them for a basket. It is unfortunate for next year's team that he is one of the men who graduates this year. He played in nearly every game and won his letter.

ARTHUR ROSER. Roser was a substitute this year, but he played in enough games this year and last to earn his letter. He is noted for making the basket against Huntington. He also gained distinction by his acrobatic stunt of falling down while standing or walking which he demonstrated before many a game. (If you think it's easy, try it.) He usually played at center.

STEPHEN JONES. Jones came this year from Etna where he had some experience last year. He was not quite able to make the team, but he substituted in several games and he showed up so well in the county tournament that he was picked on the second all-county team. However, he was unable to play in the district tournament because of sickness. Waterfall, Shook, Johnson and he will form the nucleus of next year's team.

DAVID JOHNSON. While only a Freshman this year, Johnson was able to be a first-team substitute. His excellent playing in the South Whitley game brought him into prominence. He was usually able to get the jump on the other fellow, which may be partly accounted for by the fact that he is six feet three inches tall. When he gains experience he will be an excellent player.

Wanted:—5-piece aluminum set.—Josephine Geiger



	Alice Overdeer	Helen Brenneman
Helen Kenner	Mildred Eisaman	Lucile Menefee
La Von Beeson	Helen Carter	Thelma Pence

Stretch-well chewing gum. Will crack and will stand five chewings. For sale by Phil Wigent

MILDRED EISAMAN. Mildred, captain for four years, has played not only forward but also center and guard. In other words, she is a member of the team who is able to play any position exceedingly well. She is an accurate shooter and plays a fast game at center. Mildred is a fighter, and her fighting has many times helped to make C. C. H. S. victorious.

ALICE OVERDEER. Alice is our valuable little forward. She is not only a crack basket maker, but also, usually to her opponent's surprise, a high jumper. Alice jumps for the ball, dodges the closest guard and runs our score up two points. No one on the floor is speedier than she. Alice has played every game this season. C. C. H. S. is sorry to lose this active little forward.

HELEN BRENNEMAN. During the first half of the season Helen played jumping center, where she can't be equalled; but after Peggy got hurt she was shifted to guard where she played an equally snappy game. Helen uses good pass-work and always manages to stop the ball and send it back to our forwards. At center she got the jump on many a towering opponent. She plays a hard game and is an indispensable member of the team.

HELEN KENNER. "Peggy", who plays such a snappy game at guard, had some hard luck this winter when she smashed her finger while sliding. For two months she was not able to play. When she came back for the last few games she decidedly strengthened the team. Peggy is always on the spot and she certainly deserves her position at guard.

LA VON BEESON. La Von, at running center, makes up for her rather light weight in speed and pep. She and Helen make an excellent team and between them the ball is stopped almost every time. Bonny is right there to get the ball and fire it back to C. C. Many an opposing center is disheartened when La Von breaks up her play. Bonny will be here next year and she will be a valuable member of the team.

LUCILE MENEFEE. Lucile is a most dependable guard. She is not only of just the right weight but she is also of quick action. Lucile is a close guard and sticks right to her forward. She will be here next year, and she will be a mainstay for the team of '24.

THELMA PENCE. Thelma played forward when Mildred moved to center. Thelma is a hard worker and a steady player. She uses good pass work and will develop into an excellent player.

HELEN CARTER. Although Helen did not play many games, when she was put in she played a promising game. Helen was always faithful at practice and she has shown that she has some speed. She will be good material for next year's team.

ELBERTINE BRIGGS. Elbertine was a faithful sub. She made several trips with the team while Peggy was disabled. She is a promising guard for next year's team. Elbertine is always a staunch supporter of C. C. H. S.

For Sale:—Djer-Kiss Snuff.—Elizabeth Mossman



Bottom row, left to right—David Johnson, Ralph Shepherd, Harry Rhoads, Ellis Kaufman, Lloyd Deutsch, Glenn Shook, Francis Doyle, John Whiteleather.

Second row—Harry Boyd, Harry Reid, Harvey Carter, Gerald Deutsch, Jack Pentz, Glenn Workman, Ralph Brockenhamer.

Third row—Robert Clugston, Cleon Schuman, Clyde Schey, Jay Harris, Russell Butler, Paul Allen.

Track

With an excellent record from last year and several so-called old men in the field, we anticipated a successful track season. In our ranks we had Doyle, who explains who's who in the middle distance runs. Kaufman placed third in the district in shot-put last year. Deutsch took the high jump in the county last year, and he was with us. In the inter-class meets last year, Rhoads won the most points, so we had reason to expect something from him. There was also much inexperienced material, but most of the men in that group had been in other sports and were in fair condition.

Dual Meet with Warsaw

Contending with unfavorable weather conditions, the team had their first meet of the season, Saturday, April 14, with Warsaw. The weather was stormy and chilly, but when the Warsaw team came, the boys willingly braved the storm.

The first event was the mile, with Shook and Clugston, who won first and third places. Rhoads took first in the high jump and L. Deutsch tied for second. We had to give first place in the 100 to Stamates of Warsaw, but Reid got third. Rhoads, Whiteleather, and Helwig of Warsaw tied for first in the pole-vault. Again Stamates got a first, this time in the 440, but we got a second with Doyle running. Kaufman and G. Deutsch took first and second in the shot-put. In the 120 high hurdles, L. Deutsch took first. Reid took third in the 220, battling against Stamates and Ring. With Doyle and Brockenhamer we took first and second in the half mile. Shepherd took first in low hurdles.

Score: Columbia City, $50\frac{1}{3}$; Warsaw, $39\frac{2}{3}$.

Triangular Meet with Auburn and Angola

With two men picked for each event, the team went to Auburn, Saturday, April 21, to meet Auburn and Angola.

There were several unexpected occurrences. We had to run the mile relay with a four-footed animal, and that a dog. The dog came in ahead, but first place was awarded to our team. Allen made himself a hero by beating our star runner, Doyle, in the half mile. G. Deutsch startled us by putting the shot farther than Kaufman. Schuman, rather a dark horse, beat L. Deutsch in the high jump and tied with the Angola jumper for first place. They flipped the coin and Schuman got the second place ribbon. The half-mile relay team lost, maybe because most of the men on it had been busy working on the operetta.

Score: Columbia City, 46½; Auburn, 41; Angola, 11½.

The County Meet

April, the 28th, dawned clear and cool. A shower the evening before had put the new track in its best condition. However, the best was not so good, for the track was soft and consequently very slow.

By noon the town was full of loyal supporters from other schools, who were all confident that their particular school would win the 1923 banner and relay pennant. But, alas, there can be only one winner and consequently many were disappointed. But many, many were made happy, for C. C. H. S. simply walked away with the track and field events. G. Deutsch started it off when he placed first in the shot-put. Shook added five more points when he paced off the mile and left his nearest competitor fifty yards in the rear at the finish.

Doyle, our unbeatable half and quarter man, did his duty in the 440-yard dash and paid C. C. his compliments by giving her first in this event, making the score stand 15 for C. C. with Washington Center next with 6 points.

David Johnson, our lanky Freshman, did his duty in the broad jump and placed first. Things began to look as though C. C. would take first in all events. But this was not to be; for in the 100-yard dash Day of South Whitley placed first, with Washington Center second, and C. C. third. We were not so much disappointed in this, however, for C. C. does not claim any fast sprinter.

The sixth event was the high jump, in which C. C. had "hard luck". L. Deutsch went out at 5'3", but this gave us second place.

C. C. saw Doyle in action again in the 220-yard dash. This was Doyle's main event for the day, and, as we all expected, he placed first in this. This made Doyle high point man for the day, with eleven points.

The last event for which points were given was the pole-vault. Harry Rhoads placed first in this with comparative ease. This ended the meet, with the exception of the relay.

Score: Columbia City, 34; Washington Center, 18; South Whitley, third, with 11½ points.

The relay was easily won by C. C.

The Oratorical Contest, which is always the conclusion of the County Meet, was held at the City Hall. Our representative, Jack Pentz, placed third in this. It seems that we could not expect to take first in everything, but when Columbia City does her best we do not feel disheartened and we know Jack did his best.

Meets Scheduled for May

On May 5, we are to have a meet with Kendallville and North Manchester, and we feel that we shall continue our unbroken string of victories. The District Meet, which falls on May 12, will be the most important one of the season, although we expect to have some entries in the State Meet. We have a strong team this year and hope to keep the district championship, which we won last year.

Paul Sattison, '23.

Ralph Shepherd, '23.



IN MEMORIAM

By the death of Mary Farren the Class of '24 lost one of its most loyal members, and a very lovable classmate. She was always cheerful and full of fun, with a greeting and a smile for all. She was very active in out-door sports; she once said, "I just love to live and do things."

We feel that Riley expresses our thoughts beautifully in these words:

"I cannot say and I will not say
That she is dead.—She is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs be, since she lingers there.
And you, O! you who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and the glad return—
Think of her faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here.
Think of her still as the same, I say!
She is not dead—she is just away."

Bessie Pence, '24

Literary



LITERARY



A Bughouse Fable

'Twas a cold, bleak, barren day in November. The air was silent as the grave. The gloom of the sky was the gloom of death. The sun was covered with clouds as by a shroud. In the east hovered a dark cloud in much the shape of a tombstone—evil omen! Death was everywhere. It seemed to lurk around every corner and behind every fence.

To the one human being visible in this scene these ghastly omens were especially portentous. The night before he had had a dream, and if the conditions of his vision were to be fulfilled, today would be the end. To die, to fall in the prime of beauty—such was his dream and the thought of it sickened him. But the three sisters spin for all, and when a thread draws to its close there is nothing that can be done. He thought of this and pondered it. Suddenly as he stepped under an old tree, without any warning, it happened. Something fell and struck him on the heart! On his coat appeared a spot of red. He gasped with pain in his heart. “Oh, oh,” he groaned, “my dream—it has happened!” The last red leaf had fallen from the tree.

Dick Fisher, '23.

At Midnight

Bang! What was that? With a start Pauline sat up and rubbed her eyes. Wonderingly she stared about her trying to remember where she could be. But she could see nothing. All was as black as the blackest cat. Then as she felt about she realized that she was sitting on a hard bench and that directly in front of her was another. She must be—yes, she was, still in the church. All alone in that dark church and it must be midnight! Pauline was frightened at the very thought of it.

Hark! What was that noise? With a pounding heart Pauline started for the door. But scarcely had she taken a step when she realized that it was locked. Trembling with fear she sat down to think of some way to get out. Suddenly a white filmy something appeared in the far corner of the church. Presently it disappeared, seeming to go out of the door leading to the basement. Just behind it went a shadowy black form. Was there a man in the church, a burglar perhaps? Wildly Pauline racked her brain to think of some door or window by which she could get out. All the windows of the auditorium she knew were high above the ground, and both the doors were locked. The only other way was through the basement and she didn't dare to try that.

Soon another white light followed by a dark form crept down the aisle and out the basement door. Pauline was too terrified to move, but sat huddled up in the corner of the pew. Minutes, that seemed to the girl like years, dragged by. Presently she fell into a troubled sleep, in which she thought she was being kidnapped by two masked men with flash lights.

They were just carrying her into a woods when—

“Pauline! Pauline! You must get up or you'll be late for school”, her mother called.

Pauline awoke to find herself in her bed with the sunlight streaming in at the windows. All her terrible experience had only been a dream.

Mildred Cummins, '23

A False Alarm

I was sitting before the fireplace watching the little fairies, gaily dressed in beautiful spangles of scarlet, violet and indigo, flit about here and there in the pretty blaze. Gradually those charming little creatures cast a spell over me and carried me away to slumberland in a beautiful boat of dreams.

I lived in grandmother's time when the huge fireplace was the only means of warmth, iron kettles the only utensils, and three-legged stools the only chairs. There was always danger of an Indian attack although we lived near the blockhouse and we always feared the expiration of our stores and provisions.

There was no floor in the house except the earth, which was always cold. In one corner of the room hung grandfather's sword, rifle, and powder horn. Near the fireplace were three large iron kettles, a kid spit and two large knives. On the floor lay two heavy buffalo robes, which alone served as the mattress for my bed.

One morning grandfather, by mistake, put some wet wood on the fire. He went for provisions to the nearest storehouse which was five miles away. It was a very cold winter day. A howling wind blew down the chimney and the fire was quickly put out. So grandmother sent me to the nearest neighbor for some burning coals. I was warmly dressed in my fur coat and leggings, and I took with me a small iron kettle in which to carry the coals.

It was a good mile to walk. I went by the open path where there was not nearly so much danger of an Indian attack. I reached my destination safely, and before starting home, warmed my feet well. I hated to leave grandmother alone for so long, so walked rapidly on my return.

While in the woods I heard the Indian war-cry. I was so frightened I began to run as fast as I could toward the blockhouse. The first person I espied was grandmother running toward the blockhouse with grandfather's gun. All the white men assembled prepared to fight, but there was not an Indian in sight. We finally concluded that they were having war among themselves, and hadn't the least intention of bothering us.

When we returned to our cabin grandmother asked me what I had done with the coals. I hadn't the least idea. But that night when I was relating the story to grandfather, I remembered that I had dropped the kettle when I had first begun to run.

Whether we ever had another fire or not is a hard thing for me to determine; for just at that moment when grandmother was exclaiming, "Why, child,—that good iron kettle!" those little magic fairies in the fire awakened me to tell me that I would have to get some more wood.

Sarah Scott '23

Billy

Betty Lou Shelby was sitting on the steps of the large stone porch reading a love story in which she was very much interested, so interested that she did not see Billy, her brother coming around the house with a mischievous look on his dirty, freckled face.

Billy was nine and liked very much to tease and play jokes on people, especially his sister. She would become angry and declare that if she ever caught him she would spank him until he promised never to tease again. But she never caught him. Billy also liked to ask an endless chain of questions which neither Betty Lou nor anyone else could answer.

Billy stepped upon the porch and began one of his series of questions.

"Who is it that is movin' in next door? They have been movin' all day and aren't through yet as I can see. And, Betty Lou, did you see that fine lookin' dude who is goin' to live there? I suppose he'll come to see you, won't he? Readin' another—"

"Oh, Billy Shelby, do go away before you drive me crazy!" said Betty Lou, impatiently.

Billy snatched the book from his sister, threw it in the flower bed, and ran away to think of something else to do.

He went to the back yard fence which was between their lot and that of the new neighbors, and looked through an opening where some boards had been knocked out.

Just then the young man whom Billy called the "dude" rode up on his bicycle. He set the bicycle up against the wall right at the opening and went into the house.

Billy thought it funny for the "dude" to be riding a bicycle when just a few hours before he had driven up in front of the house in a big limousine.

"You'd think he would be too stuck up to ride a bicycle," he said to himself.

A frown gathered on his forehead and he was thinking very hard. Soon his face brightened and he said, "That fellow's rich and it won't hurt his pocket book if he does have to buy a new tire. I'll just get acquainted by having a little fun."

He took a small nail from his pocket, pushed it into the tire and let all of the air out. He turned to run, but the "dude" had him before he could say Robinson Crusoe. How he got through the fence so quickly, Billy did not know.

Billy didn't suppose the "dude" could look so angry. He looked as if he was going to do something mean, maybe tar and feather him. Billy tried very hard to get loose, but the man held tight. He just must do something before the "dude" did tar and feather him, as Billy was sure he was going to do. So he began to scream as if he were being murdered.

He heard his sister's voice from the front yard calling, "Billy, what on earth is the matter? Stop that yelling this minute!"

She soon came running through the yard, but stopped when she saw the young man holding Billy tight in his strong arms. When the "dude" saw beautiful Betty Lou, he forgot about Billy and let him go without even knowing it.

Billy didn't know what happened after he left, but a few days later Betty Lou called him to her and said, "I am going to entertain Jack Odell, the young man next door, and I don't want any of your monkeyshines, do you hear?"

Billy promised to be good because he remembered what had happened to him a few days before when he tried to play a joke on Mr. Odell. Mary Keiser, '25.

Tommy Entertains Callers

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones? Just come in and sit down. You said that you just stopped in for a minute?"

"This morning Mom said she hoped she wouldn't have company this afternoon because she is house-cleaning and tired of having company every day. But I'll tell her you are here."

Later: "I told her she had company and she said she supposed she'd have to change her dress and come in."

"She told father this morning that she wanted to be the first one in the block to finish house-cleaning, and that she did hope that her neighbors would stay at home and let her work. Daddy told her to lock the door, and not to answer, but she said she couldn't do that with bedclothes on the line, for they'd know that she was at home."

"Oh, you say you are going? No, you mustn't do that. If she doesn't find you here after she has gone and changed her dress, she'll be awful mad."

"She said that the reason the neighbors have so much time to gad around is that they never clean their houses."

"Ain't you going to ask me what grade I'm in? I knew you would if I would give you a hint. I'm in the second grade. Mom said I should answer politely if anyone asked me a question."

"Did you whip Johnny for getting a licking at school? What, you don't know a thing about it? Well, that sure is a joke."

"Johnny's got a new girl. Teacher kept him in last night and after she licked him her beau came in and brought her a box of candy. Teacher gave Johnny a piece and now she's his best girl."

"Here comes Mom. My, I'm glad. I was at my wit's end to know what to say next."

"Next time you come, please come when we ain't house-cleaning."

Mary Kessler, '23.

A Narrow Escape

(Apologies to Henry W. Longfellow.)

I sat at the wheel in the moonlight,
As I passed the watchman's tower;
I was doing nigh onto sixty
By the dial on my Rolls-Royce car.

I saw a bright reflection,
And felt the brakes under me,
Like the claws of a goblin clutching
On bad boys that speed like me.

And far in the hazy distance,
On that lovely night in June,
I saw a train approaching
Like a demon from the moon.

Among the cold black timbers
The shivering light did lay,
And the blast of that screaming whistle
Seemed to pull and draw me that way.

As screaming and thundering onward
Rolled that monster wide,
I pushed on the brake all the harder
Till I stopped on the crossing wide.

A rush and a roar in the darkness
A crash and all was well.
For it seemed that I was in heaven
But the place was hotter than—well,

I shivered and screamed and then—awoke,
(It was only a quarter of five)
I pinched myself and, holy smoke!

I found I was still alive. James Lillich, '23.

A Tragedy in the Northland

The lights of the Hudson Bay Post gleamed dimly through the gathering mist while from inside came the sounds of music and laughter. The heavily smoke-laden air filled the nostrils of all the people in the room. Two men sat in the farthest corner of the room, smoking and playing cards.

These men had just drifted in from the Kuchu region south of the post. Very little was known of them. The largest man, by some called Joe Lehman, was very roughly featured and had a large burly face. He had a very quick temper which was aroused at the least misdoing. The smallest man, by name called Pete Pierre, had small black eyes and a small face. On the left side of his face was a long red scar which some people believed he got in a fight when he was down by the Slave Woods in which the other man had been killed. The spirit of the dead man was supposed to roam over the vast snow fields during the long winter nights with a pack of wolves. Pete was regarded as a very dangerous character, so very few people went near him.

It was far past midnight when the lights of the building were extinguished and the little groups of men and women made their way to their small cabins, surrounding the post. Pete and Joe were the last to leave the building and remaining behind, they overheard a man saying that a carrier with the payroll of the Great Northern Mining Company would pass the post in several days. They walked to their cabin in silence, but as soon as they had entered they began to talk the matter over. Both finally agreed that two days later they should secure supplies and a dog team and go ahead to

a small ford in a creek where they knew he would pass and await his arrival. They intended to kill the carrier, get the payroll, and then skip the country.

A day later an Indian messenger came from the post south of the Hudson Bay Post with the news that the mysterious roamer of the snowland with his pack of wolves had been seen the night before heading in the direction of the Hudson Bay Post, and that it would be best for all the people to remain near the settlement for some time to come.

Joe and Pete ignored the messenger's warning, knowing that the payroll carrier would have to rush the money to the company, and the following night a very cold and clear one, saw the two men leave the post with their dog team and sledge. Upon leaving the post, they went north a short distance, turned east, and then stopped to see if anybody was following them. They sat down on the sledge and keenly searched the horizon for followers. They waited patiently for some time but upon seeing none they continued northward. White clouds of steam rose from the bodies of the panting huskies and the sledge moved through the glittering snow with only an occasional creak of the runners. The only sounds to break the silence of the still and moonlit night were the crunch of the men's snow shoes and the runners of the sledge. They sat down to eat when a sharp crack split the silence of the night. Both men sprang up and looked quickly around. Pete walked over to a nearby tree and soon returned, saying that they had mistaken the splitting of the tree for the crack of a sledge driver's whip. They traveled slowly on the rest of the day and when night came on they built a fire, ate, and fed the dogs. While eating supper, they heard a faint howl of a wolf closely followed by the faint word, *accuse*. Just before retiring for the night a blizzard started, making everything invisible at a distance of ten feet. The blizzard lasted all night and part of the following morning.

Pete and Joe hurriedly prepared the following morning for their departure, intending to make up for lost time. They had been traveling for perhaps twenty minutes when they came upon the tracks of a sledge, a dog team, and a man. The signs of the trail showed that the man was traveling fast and had passed that place scarcely a half hour before. The men immediately began to follow the trail and the spoor of the strange huskies made the pursuing huskies leap eagerly forward on the trail. They followed the trail the rest of the day without catching sight of the pursued and when night came on, they made camp in a small spruce grove. They ate supper and retired, intending to get an early start in the morning. During the night Pete was awakened by the howl of a wolf close by the camp. He took his rifle and started in the direction from which the howl had come, intending to kill the wolf that he might have its pelt for a blanket. He searched the bushes keenly and finally he saw two fiery balls like fire in a bush forty feet to his left. He knew that behind those two fiery balls was the wolf that he was seeking so he slowly raised his rifle and aimed at an imaginary spot between those two eyes but the rifle was never discharged, for the arm of a silent figure, which had moved so silently that Pete had not been able to detect a sound from it, rose swiftly and fell. Pete sank to the ground with a groan and all was over for him in this world.

The next morning Joe awoke to find Pete was not in camp so he built a fire, placed the coffee on to boil, and started out on Pete's trail, thinking some ill luck had fallen upon him. After several minutes of following the trail he came upon Pete's stiff and frozen body amid a jumble of wolf tracks and he also detected the tracks of a single man. A small splotch of blood on Pete's back indicated that he had been stabbed while his back had been turned to his murderer. Joe knew that in all the northland there was only one man or spirit that has as a companion a pack of wolves; he was the spirit of the man Pete had killed at Slave Woods. Joe returned to his camp and thought the matter over. He decided to abandon the hope of getting the Great Northern Company's payroll and took up his camp and headed his dog team southward.

Three days later a weary and half starved man staggered into the Hudson Bay Post and said that Pete Pierre had been killed by the spirit of the man he had killed down by Slave Woods. Joe gasped and fell dead on the floor without having any

further evidence as to the death of Pete. To this very day the spirit of the man Pete Pierre killed is supposed to haunt the region around Slave Woods.

Kenneth Pratt, '26.

The Unfinished House

When she heard the tinkly little bell which her grandmother always rang at meal-time, Dorothy Warden rose languidly from the couch where she had been reading a love story, and sauntered out to the dinner table with the pettish remark that she "didn't see why interesting things never happened in her family! Nobody ever ran off with anybody or was disappointed in love or anything!"

Her grandmother and grandfather looked at her perfectly astonished. But her Uncle Charlie looked up at her with an understanding twinkle in his eyes.

Soon after dinner her Uncle Charlie came into the house, calling, "Dot! Oh, Dot!" I'm taking old Doll to the blacksmith shop. Don't you want to go along?" Dorothy was perfectly delighted and ran to get her hat.

As they drove along the road her uncle made frequent comments about the homes they passed. After they had driven four or five miles, they came to a farm where pine trees were planted thickly along the road and apparently around each field of the farm. Soon they came to the house and her uncle drove very slowly past it, thus permitting her a good view of it from all angles.

"Why, Uncle!" she exclaimed, "How odd! It has never been finished, and it looks like just a real splendid house, too! Part of the windows are boarded up and it looks as though it had just been stopped all at once. It must be rather old, too. Do you know anything about it, Uncle?"

She saw by her uncle's face that he was making ready to relate the tale, so she waited patiently. He said, "We shall soon be at the blacksmith shop. I will tell you that story on the homeward trip."

When they started home she reminded him of his promise and he began the story:

"It has been nearly fifty years since the work stopped on that house. The owner lives in the back part of it, and is a rather successful, well-to-do farmer, but has always been considered odd. Was very much so as a young man. He taught school when young, and once taught a certain school and secured board and room at the home of the trustee of the school.

"This trustee had seven sons, but only one daughter. Naturally this daughter was lively, even rather of a tom-boy, from being constantly with her many brothers. The young school teacher dressed oddly and was very eccentric, though he was bright enough in his teaching. In those days the young folks had many good times, with parties, singing schools and other events. The young teacher, in a funny, blundering way, showed some preference for the trustee's daughter, and it caused much amusement to her brothers and friends, but she half pitied the queer fellow and was very kind to him in an impersonal way.

"After he quit teaching and had inherited the farm from his people, he used to drive down to the trustee's once in a while to visit with the whole family. If he had expected to visit especially with the daughter of the house, he never made it known.

"Finally he began to erect this large new house and there was much conjecture as to what he intended to do. Eleanor was the name of the trustee's daughter, and her brothers teased her unmercifully, saying they just knew he must be building it for her. This distressed her very much, for, while, of course, she pitied the poor bashful fellow, yet she had no deeper feeling for him. Finally she entreated one of her quieter brothers to sort of hint around and question the young man, (Joe Tucker was his name) in the hopes of finding out. This the brother did and surprised the young fellow into practically admitting that he was building a home with the expectation of asking Eleanor to be his wife.

"Soon after this Joe made one of his infrequent visits to Eleanor's home. This time, instead of almost avoiding him, she asked him right out if he wouldn't like to take her for a buggy ride. He rather bashfully consented and then she suggested that they

...50...

drive out this road. When they came to the house there, she insisted on getting out to see it. She was surprised at its elegance and the evident expense involved, but was terribly sorry for the odd young man who was its owner and builder. After she had looked around a little, she said, gently, 'Joe, for whom are you building this house?'

"He blushed fiery red and mumbled something inarticulate about it being for 'Someone.'

"She looked keenly at him, then remarked in a very low, quiet voice, 'Well, alright, Joe, I was so afraid that you might possibly have had me in mind, from something I heard, but I shall be very glad if it is not meant for me as I could never share it with you,' and then she walked off very casually to the buggy and got in. They drove back to her home in a silence broken only by her occasional comments on various things along the way."

"Oh", broke in Dot at this point, "and did he stop building right then?"

"Ycs", her uncle replied. "The next day the carpenters were dismissed and the windows boarded up."

"Did he go into a decline or anything?" Dot asked, almost hopefully. Her uncle laughed, and replied, "No, just kept on being queer!"

By this time Dot and her uncle had reached home again and from the road could see grandmother standing in the doorway.

Just then Dot asked, "Who was Eleanor? Is it anyone I ever knew?" Her uncle waved his hand toward the doorway, "There she stands!" he said.

Dorothy Ellen Winch, '26

An Embarrassing Situation

Once upon a time I was called upon to give a reading or recitation, in other words, to "speak a piece," at a homecoming. I had prepared a good selection for this occasion, with the view of entertaining the many people with whom I was acquainted, who had assembled at this homecoming. I was progressing in fine shape, when suddenly my animated oratory was halted by an unforeseen and terrible calamity. A fly had darted into my open mouth. He was not one of your common ordinary flies but a huge green-fly. Imagine my unutterable consternation when I heard this giant specimen of the genus *musca domestica* buzzing about in my dental orifice. I was, to use the current vernacular, "in a pickle."

I summarized my situation after the fashion of Hamlet's oft repeated words:

"To spit him out or not to spit him out, that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The bites and buzzings of a cursed green-fly,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by expectorating end them?"

There were certainly objections to either course of procedure. It flashed into my disordered cranium that I had read somewhere about a "Diet of Worms", but nowhere had I ever heard of a diet of green-flies. To be sure, if I had been presented with a fly nicely roasted and properly served, I might have partaken of the upper joint of the foreleg and a small portion of the breast, if you please. But to deliberately swallow a poor, blundering fly, undressed, uncooked and undissected, was more than I could willingly do.

But on the other hand, if I should attempt to forcibly eject the unfortunate insect, there arose in my mind the picture of a series of coughs, hiccoughs, sneezes and expectorations amid the laughter of my audience. And after all, it would probably end with a few antennae between my teeth, the proboscis lodged in my oesophagus and the most unsavory part of all on my palate. So I decided on the lesser of two evils and prepared to gulp him down. But the fly wanted to back out at the last moment. However I remained firm, and the fly descended into the maelstrom of a human stomach.

I was able to continue my speaking and few of my audience ever knew the mental anguish of that moment. But since that time I have never used my mouth as a fly trap.

Harvey Carter, '23.

A Prisoner of the Mountains

Craige Worden stumbled over the rocks. Once or twice he gazed back—no one was following him. Where he was going he did not know—neither did he particularly care, but he did know he was leaving what seemed to him a prison.

About six months before, he had fallen ill and had been taken to this mountain hospital against his will. Craige Worden had always had his own way, and here he was treated like a baby which he was very much opposed to. He wasn't a baby and he'd show them, too.

But what would he do here on this mountain? For all he knew of the surroundings, there might be no towns for miles and he'd starve or probably some wild mountain animal would get him, for nobody ever came to this mountain. But it was hopeless now—he could come just as near to finding another place now as he could to going back, for he was lost.

One step more—he was going down the mountain side. When he reached the bottom, his head was bleeding and his arm pained him terribly—oh, if he would only have stayed where he was—that was a heaven compared to this. Maybe he would never see his dear wife and children again or perhaps he would die here on the mountain, as it was thought his brother had done years before. He had disappeared and had never been found, while all hopes of finding him had been given up.

He listened; he heard someone talking. He walked toward the voice and peeping behind the rocks he saw a small child. Her golden hair hung in beautiful strands over her small shoulders. Around her head was a wreath of wild flowers. As Craige stood gazing at her he thought he had never seen such a beautiful child before. As he approached her she jumped up, scattering the flowers in her lap about her. She was very much frightened, for never before had there been a stranger in this out of the way place. Finally, as she saw the blood streaming from his head, she said, "Come to my home. I'm sure Mother will help you."

As Craige approached the humble little home, a man emerged from the door. A familiar face it seemed, yet older. As he gave one more look he gasped with joy—this man was his long lost brother and this dear child who had saved his life was his own little niece.

Velma Growcock, '26.

A Freshie's Fancy

Just eleven-ten. The Freshman groaned. Another forty-five minutes before that always welcome bell would ring again. He slouched down in his seat. His glance strayed to a friendly tree outside where a squirrel was running from limb to limb.

"I wish I were a squirrel", he sighed. "I would always be happy if I had nothing to do but hop around.

"Yet, I'd like to be a Sophomore. Then Pop would let me wear long trousers and Mom would let me put vaseline on my hair.

"But it sure would be great sport to be a Junior. Mr. Galloway would surely let me in on the second team anyway, and maybe Miss Spray would think me handsome enough to let me sing in the Glee Club with the rest of the boys, and believe me, I'll sing as loud as any.

"But most of all, I'd like to be a Senior. I'd surely have a lot of brains by that time, so's Miss Edwards would appoint me as business manager for the "Exhaust Pipe". Then my name would be in every issue in great big type. I'd flirt with all the girls, then they would all go wild over me, and tell me I was simply a wonderful dancer, and that I had such a winning personality, etc. Then I would be James Kaler, the stern, beautiful, god-like Mr. Bevans in 'The Charm School.' I guess Virginia Clark would fall for me then—even if it was only when we practiced. And just imagine you were in my place when I come to the end of the scene and say, 'You're the most silly, reckless, obstinate girl I ever knew—but you have got charm,' and then when I take her in my arms and"—Bur-r-r-r—the Freshman came to with a start. He looked for the squirrel. It was gone—so was his dream.

Helen Cordill, '23

Partners

Sheriff Thatcher had just completed reading a dispatch stating that an outlaw was headed for the summit of the old Ridge Trail. The dispatch also stated that a posse was about to set out to capture the man, as he was wanted badly. It would be a pretty sizable undertaking to overtake and capture the man. The sheriff thought of the glory that would be in it and also decided that it was his duty to try to capture the fugitive. Thus did the sheriff make up his mind.

During the two years that Thatcher had been in office he had just about ridden the surrounding country of its bad men. His reputation as a regular go-getter had travelled from one end of the mountain desert to the other. Cattle thieves and highwaymen as a lot had come to fear and to respect him, and to give his domain a wide berth. It had been unanimously conceded that Thatcher always got his man. At first he had kept the jail pretty well crowded, but business of crime had fallen off in such a marked degree that the county jail of late had been unoccupied, as was the case today.

As the sheriff had had nothing in particular to keep him in town he tightened his belt a notch, shifted the position of the Colt at his hip slightly, put on his spurs and stepped from the office. He stepped around the building to a small barn in the rear where two horses stood feeding from a manger well filled with hay. He loaded one of the horses with rations for two days, a couple of feeds of barley for the horses, and several canteens of water. He saddled the other horse and, mounting it, and leading the pack horse, started down the trail in the direction of the summit of the Ridge Trail.

It was well past mid-day when the course the sheriff followed brought him to the Ridge. He followed that trail slowly till he saw several horse tracks. Thatcher then urged his horses to better speed and travelled for a while at a good pace. He saw the man he believed he was looking for, far ahead of him and he noticed that he was afoot. Thatcher crowded his horse into an easy gallop over a stretch of dirt-covered trail where there were no racks to ring out the sound of horses' hoof beats and warn the other of his approach. Yet the man in the lead must have heard him as he came to a spur of rock about fifty feet away, for he whirled quickly and with one quick motion of his hand with a downward thrust fired a bullet that kicked up a little puff of dust in the trail between the horse's forefeet. The man had hardly pulled the trigger before the sheriff with a lightning like motion shot the man in the wrist, causing him to drop his gun.

Thatcher, riding behind his prisoner on the way back to town, was unable to make very good time because of the sorry condition of the pack horse which was carrying a double load, the provisions and the prisoner. There was something distinctive about the man, and from the first look that Thatcher got into his keen black eyes he began to wonder what there was about him that seemed to remind him of someone he had known a long time before.

Before he had reached town he had puzzled the question out and the answer seemed to cause him considerable discomfort and annoyance. But he made no mention of these discoveries to his prisoner.

Late in the evening they arrived at the jail and Thatcher placed his man in a cell, to all outside appearances, to await the arrival of the posse from another town about forty miles distant.

At about midnight Thatcher arose from his bed, dressed, and went to the jail and into the cell with his lone captive. He greeted his prisoner, who had arisen from his cot, rubbing his eyes as Thatcher came in, with, "Hello, Jeff! We were partners for a long time then came the separation. Now I am going to allow you to escape and escape with you for the sake of old times." Late into the night they talked, and when morning came they both fled.

In the office box in the sheriff's office was found by the citizens a heavy gold plated sheriff's badge and a letter which read as follows: "To the citizens of this county:—

I allowed my prisoner to escape and by the time you read this I will be on my way myself. I ain't aiming to do much explaining, but the prisoner used to be a friend and pal of mine. He is reckoned as a bad man, yet to my knowledge he has killed only one man, and he a Mexican; but he did that to save my life, so now I give him a chance to save his own. I do not know what he has done besides, nor do I care,—all of which is contrary to my oath of office, so I am resigning and turning in my badge, which I have been so proud of." Such was the passing of Duncan county's most famous sheriff.

Robert Weston, '26

The Price of Pride

At one of the weekly auctions of unclaimed goods held in Cadence, John Whitsell purchased a quilt. He really could not afford it, but it seemed to be a bargain and he thought it might come in handy some time.

He hurried home and laid it down on a chair while he went out to help his wife. They had to dig their small supply of potatoes, which must last all winter, and gather their few ears of corn,—or what was left of the few, for some birds had stolen nearly all of it. They put the results of their hard labor in a basket and almost tenderly carried it to the house, for it meant that hunger would be barred from their door a little longer.

As they neared the house their little collie dog came running out to meet them with the remnants of the quilt in his mouth.

"Brownie! What have you done?" sorrowfully exclaimed John. "But what's this?" he asked, quickly, extracting a piece of fine linen paper from the corner of the quilt. He read, "If only my son would come home. God bless him!—but he has pride—pride. Yes, he is like his father, who sent his only son from home into a cruel hard world for no greater reason than that he had displeased his father by marrying a girl, poor and without position." Down in the corner was a peculiar sign resembling a shield and a rose, which only the Whitsells used.

"Is it possible? Can this be my father's writing?" questioned John, doubtfully. "But certainly it is. Come, Mary, we must go immediately. Oh! May I only see my father again."

They quickly swallowed their meagre meal of cornbread and milk, and taking their last few francs from under a stone in the fireplace, they started to walk to the rickety station near the village. Late that night they reached Marce, and tired from their long journey, walked along the broad smooth highway till they came to a mansion set back from the road and hidden in a grove of trees.

No lights gleamed from the windows to welcome weary travelers, as had once been the custom. A deserted look was about the place, and from the distance came the lonely howl of a dog. The two mounted the steps, and their hearts beat hard as they lifted the knocker. After a few minutes an old white-haired and stooped negro came to the door.

"Massa John! Am my eyes deceivin' me? Can it really be you?"

"Yes, Uncle Rube. I've come home. Am I too late?"

"No, ol' massa's still here but he can't last very long any more. He jes' keeps calling for you all the time. I tried to comfort him, but I never 'spected to see you come back again. He gets awake at night and cries so pitiful like, I thought his heart would break. Las' night I went up to his bed an' he was just sobbin' like a chile, an' he says to me, 'Uncle Rube, I wanna see my boy before I die. I've been punished hard for my sin an' I wanna tell him he's forgiven.' Cum in and get warm, then you can see him an' I nebber 'specks to see a happier man than he'll be when he sees you."

Just at dawn another soul passed into the great unknown and a couple came from the death chamber with tears in their eyes. But their hearts were lighter, for they had received the forgiveness and blessing of a parent who had long ago repented of his stubborn pride.

Freda Haas, '23.

Music

Glee Clubs



Orchestra

Band



The Bells of Beaujolais

The Glee Clubs, after spending many nights in hard work, produced an operetta which would be hard to beat, and Miss Spray used exceptionally good judgment in selecting characters. The action was supposed to take place on an imaginary island near Normandy, ruled by the Duke of Beaujolais. Considerable excitement was caused by the arrival of an American yachting party. The American men, enraptured by the beauty of the native women, neglected their traveling companions. Bender, a very gallant gentleman, captivated the countess; while the Duke became much attached to Aunt Sarah, but the American ladies were in no mood to accept attentions. A masquerade took place that evening, and because the ladies had exchanged costumes the men found themselves in great difficulties. But the countess soon made it clear that she had no intentions of allowing anyone else but herself to be the Duchess, and the Duke was soon persuaded to make the best of matters. So all ended for the best.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

Augustus, Duke of Beaujolais.....	FRED WATERFALL
John Bender, a wealthy American widower.....	JACK PENTZ
Larry and Tony, young Americans, Bender's guests.....	RALPH SHEPHERD
	THOMAS GALLIVAN
Harkins, Bender's English valet.....	PHILIP WIGENT
Pierre, a juggler	CLYDE SCHEY
Chicot, a wrestler	RALPH PRATT
Countess Marie, a rich spinster, betrothed to the Duke.....	ELIZABETH CLAXTON
Mrs. Sarah Jessup, Bender's sister, a widow.....	HELEN BRENNEMAN
Phillis, Bender's daughter	KATHERINE RUCKMAN
Belle, Phillis' friend	SARAH SCOTT
Yvonne, a flower girl	VIRGINIA CLARK
Susette, a candy girl	MILDRED STICKLEY
Fantine, maid to the countess	ALICE OVERDEER
A chorus of villagers, the American party, the Duke's attendants, etc.	



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Bottom row, left to right—Stephen Jones, Philip Gelvin, Clyde Schey, Jay Harris, James Lillich, Robert Heinley, Ralph Pratt, Thomas Gallivan.

Second row—Miss Spray, Robert Ward, Jack Pentz, Glenn Shook, Ralph Shepherd, Edwin Meitzler.

The Boys' Glee Club

For the last three years the Glee Club has been composed of practically the same boys, but since graduation last year took away many of them, there are only two of the old members left. With eleven new members, the Glee Club now numbers thirteen—unlucky? — Oh, no! In addition to this handicap, out of all the boys in school not one could be found to carry the high tenor necessary to develop four-part work. Under these sad conditions the group can hardly be called more than a boys' chorus. Nevertheless, we intend to make several appearances before the end of the year, besides furnishing the principal men characters in the annual "operetta".

I take this occasion to mention the fact that a great deal of credit is due Miss Spray, the musical director, for the good results her efforts have gained in the past and the results that will be gained this year.

Jack Pentz, '23.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Bottom row, left to right—Hazel Whiteleather, Helen Carter, Lucile Menefee, Mary Frances Raber, Mary Kessler, Miss Spray, Virginia Clark, Mary Taylor, Mildred DeWitt, Elizabeth Harter, Leela Smith, Alice Overdeer.

Second row—Thelma Pence, Jean Trembley, Mary Wigent, Elizabeth Claxton, Mildred Eisaman, Mary Vanderfort, Margaret Wynkoop, Katherine Ruckman, Helen Brenneman, Bessie Pence, Esther James.

Third row—Lois Chapman, May Kortright, Lavon Beeson, Mildred Stickley, Vivian Shaw, Mildred Cummins, Sarah Scott, Madge Schumaker, Mary Johnston, Eloise Bailey, Lucile Goodman.

The Girls' Glee Club

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus."

—Shakespeare.

Music, the science of harmonious sounds, expresses all our emotions—love, hate, fear, sorrow, and gladness. It comforts the grief-stricken and moves the joyous to tears. It is for a higher standard of music that the pupils of Columbia City High School are striving.

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Spray, is composed of thirty-three merry girls. They have given several numbers at school activities, and have participated in church as well as in social affairs. Miss Spray's splendid supervision was shown in the outcome of the operetta "The Bells of Beaujolais" given in April, in which the Girls' Glee Club played a large part. Commencement time, when the Glee Club will sing again, will close a very successful year for the entire Music Department of Columbia City H. S.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."—Congreve.

Sarah Scott, '23.



VIOLINS

James Northam
Lester Kellogg
Edwin Meitzler
Thelma Pence
LaVon Beeson
Mary Magley
Myron Smith

CLARINETS

Richard Fisher
Arthur Roser
Ford Fleck
Robert Heinley

BASS VIOL

Richard Kissinger

DIRECTOR

Miss Spray

CORNET

Fred Waterfall

TROMBONE

John Markley

DRUMS

Robert Ward

PIANO

Mildred Eisaman

THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra with a few exceptions consists of practically the same personnel that it had last year. Under the efficient direction of Miss Spray it has advanced greatly. Only the best of music is considered for careful study. All music is chosen by Miss Spray, special attention being paid to technique and educational worth.

When a piece is considered for thorough study, it is first played for accuracy. Then it is studied and played for perfection of tonal quality and expression. Many times the victrola is brought into use for securing the proper interpretation of pieces studied.

The organization's repertoire consists of numerous types of pieces. There are a number of marches, several overtures, patriotic medleys, many selections from the operas, nocturnes and pieces of special types.

Each season the orchestra assists at certain functions. Among these are, the class play, the operetta and baccalaureate and commencement exercises. Each occasion calls for a different type of music. Popular airs, light and entertaining numbers are given at the class play. Classical music and special numbers are played at the operetta. The orchestra also assists on chorus work and with the overtures. Heavier music of a more serious tone is used for the Baccalaureate and Commencement Exercises. Besides playing for these functions, the orchestra is ready whenever called upon to help round out entertainments, lecture programs and educational meetings. During the past season the organization gave an assembly program, assisted at the parent-teachers' meetings, at the Thanksgiving musicale, and in the production of the cantata "Ruth", given by the Choral Club. The orchestra plans to give a concert in connection with the music memory contest, the latter part of May.

On the whole, the orchestra is an organization which contributes much to the atmosphere of school life; and its members are most loyal.

Edwin Meitzler, '23



Bottom row, left to right—Chauncey Herrendeen, Arthur Roser, Richard Fisher, Lester Kellogg, Harry Boyd, Herbert Johnston, Charles Yontz, Fred Waterfall, Owen Timmons, Eugene Malone, Robert Allen, George Holderbaum, Robert Braddock, Richard Rhoton, William Worden.

Second row—Oren Sheets, Esta Keirn, Cleon Schuman, Earl Anderson, Robert Heinley, Frederick Magley, Paul Sheets, Aaron Baker, Robert Romey, Thomas Johnston, James Colchin, Thomas Eyanson, Arthur Kessler.

Third row—Glenn Ferry, John Washburn, John Trembley, James Northam, Howard Timmons, Robert Jones, Robert Cotterly, William Northam, Robert Shriner, Robert Anderson, Cleon Harshbarger, Meridith Sell.

Fourth row—Lawrence Johnston, John Markley, Lee Sharpe, Virgilius Phillips, Lloyd Kenner, Paul Sattison, James Oman, Archey Slusser.

Fifth row—Elisha Loe, Russell Pletcher, Leigh Plummer, John Wigent, Marion Mayberry, Phil Farren, Marion Oman, Richard Kissinger, Howard Workman, Robert Ward.

THE HIGH SCHOOL BAND

The school band is probably one of the most successful organizations of the school, and is looked upon by the school and public with great pride. This year the band is playing the highest standard of music written, and is ranked with the leading bands of Northern Indiana.

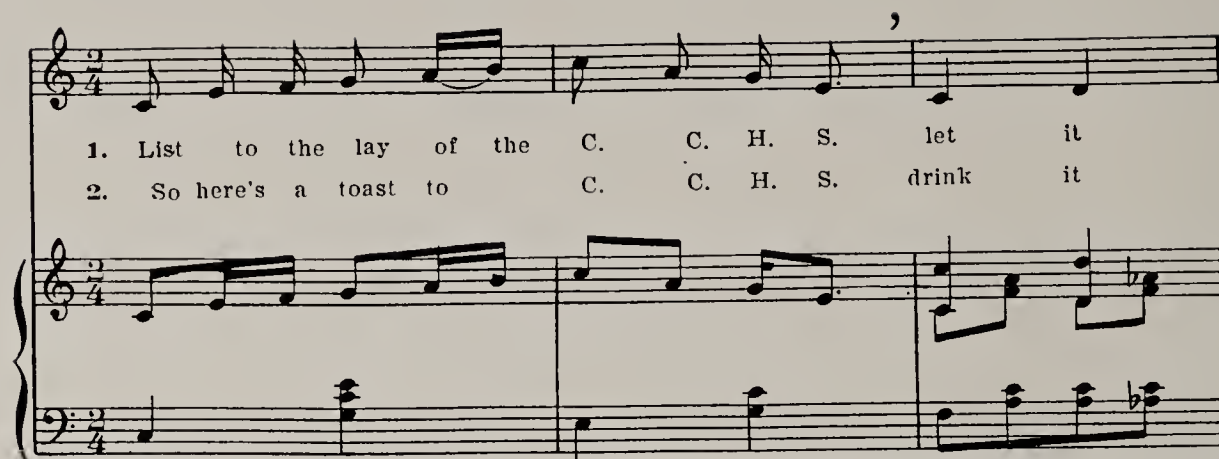
In the early part of the school year 1919-1920, Mr. Farren, a highly respected local musician, expressed a desire to organize a band among the boys of the school, and with the aid of Supt. Spaulding, he was able to persuade the school board to give their consent to the organizing of a band. Instruments and music were immediately sent for; but owing to an inadequate supply of the former and unsatisfactory transportation, the band was delayed nearly two months. Practices were held semi-weekly. With the individual help of Mr. Farren and other local musicians, the band made such remarkable advancement that Mr. Farren decided that it should make its debut on Decoration May, 1920.

The Band steadily grew in numbers and by the end of the school year 1920 numbered fifty-two pieces. Practices were held during the summer months, and on various occasions the band played in public. Its popularity increased and its services were demanded in many different places, so the necessity for uniforms became evident. With the aid of some of the prominent citizens of the city, the band was able to purchase uniforms. In the summer of 1921 the band toured Northern Indiana to advertise the Whitley County Fair, for which it played three daily concerts.

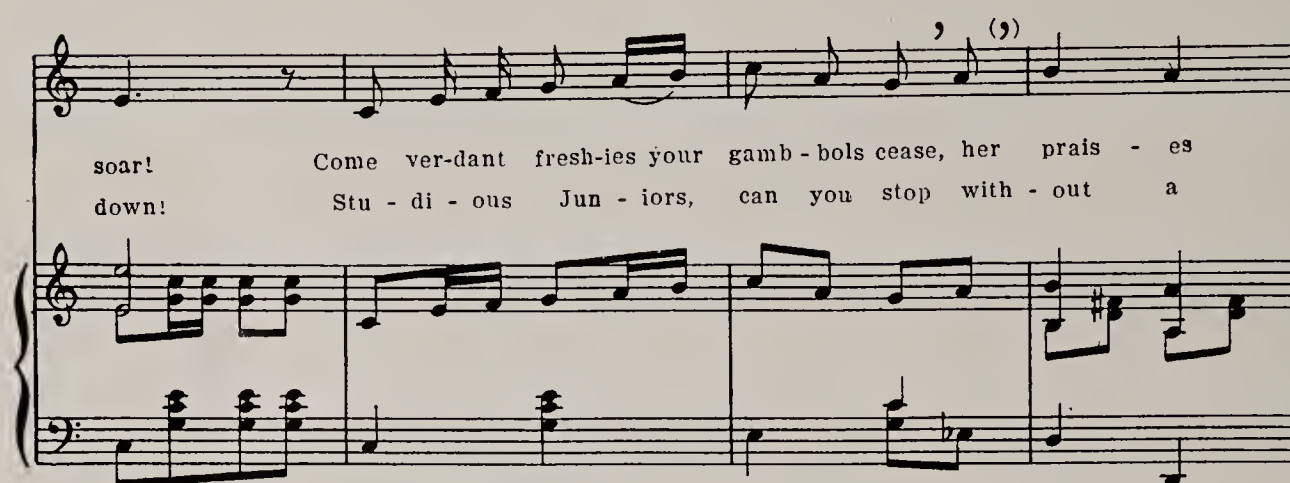
A Junior band was organized early in 1922 for the purpose of supplying new material for the Senior Band, many of whose members were graduated or had moved away. The Junior Band, also under the leadership of Mr. Farren, made remarkable progress and was combined with the Senior Band late in 1922. A well organized band offers many opportunities to those who apply themselves. Many of the boys have gone away to college and have earned their tuition by playing in college bands or orchestras. Others have obtained positions in local orchestras. The boys of Columbia City are especially fortunate in that they have an instructor who is able to give them this valuable training.

John Markley, '26

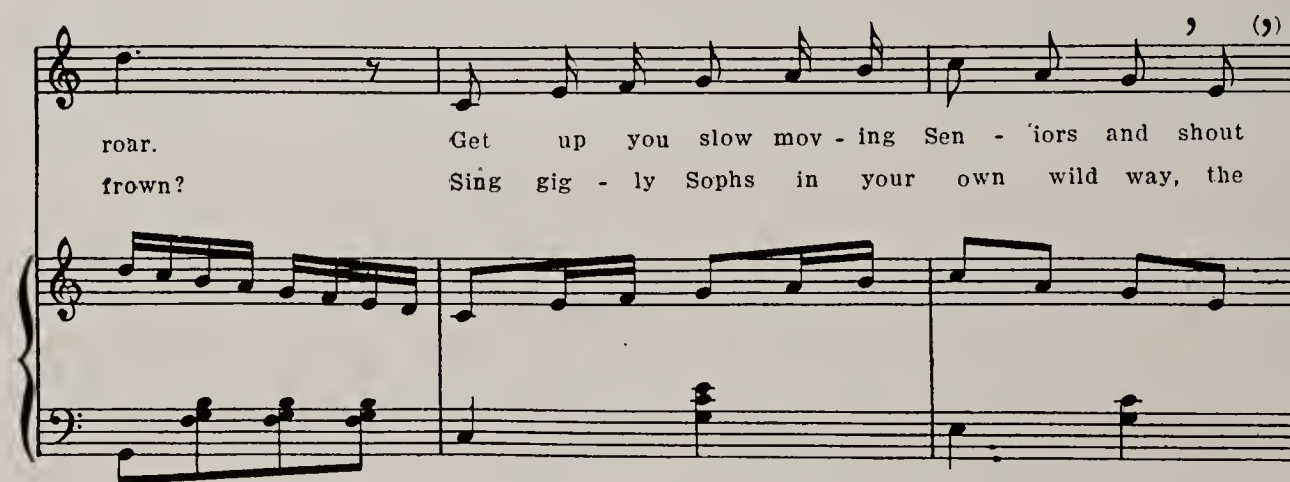
C. C. H. S. SONG



1. List to the lay of the C. C. H. S. let it
2. So here's a toast to C. C. H. S. drink it



soar! Come ver-dant fresh-ies your gamb-bols cease, her prais-es
down! Stu-di-ous Jun-iors, can you stop with-out a



roar. Get up you slow mov-ing Sen-iors and shout
frown? Sing gig-ly Sophs in your own wild way, the

to the clouds, Scatter her praises a-
 ech - oes wake. Join in the tune till our

broad long and loud.
 ri vals quake. Col - um - bia City is the best of all

REFRAIN

Rah! Rah! C. C H. S. cheer, cheer in eve - ry key

Dear Old C. C. H. S. We will always yell for thee.



MISS HALLOWELL



AND LESSER LIGHTS



Miscellaneous



Debating

Dramatics

Organizations

Pickups

Editorials

Annual Board

DEBATING



Bottom row, left to right—Francis Doyle, James Kaler, James Lillich, Harvey Carter, Ralph Geiger.

Second row—Thomas Gallivan, Jack Pentz, Mary Carter, Glenn Workman, William Meyers.

Third row—Richard Fisher, Paul Sattison, Hollie DePoy, Ralph Shepherd.

THE SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Senior Debating Society, fourteen strong at the beginning of this year, had aspirations of being the best society ever in C. C. H. S. Whether or not their hopes have been realized is not known except to the members themselves.

Under the leadership of Mr. Fisher, much interest has been created and all of our debates have been interesting to the members as well as to the debaters. Many different phases of the social problem have been debated and several great political questions have been settled.

The Juniors did not challenge us to the annual Junior-Senior debate this year, so it was necessary for us, in order to make a public appearance, to put on a debate of our own. Accordingly six members of our society had a very heated discussion on the Bonus Biss, for a Friday morning program. This debate was enjoyed by all, including the participants, and it showed that something was being accomplished.

All who have been in the society feel that they have been repaid for their efforts, as all are very much improved. We sincerely believe that in years to come there will be congressmen and perhaps even presidents who will be able to say that they received their first training in public speaking in the C. C. H. S. Debating Society.

Francis Doyle, '23



Bottom row, left to right—Geraldine Markwalder, Elizabeth Mossman, Mary Johnston, Dorothy Hoos, Eloise Bailey, Vivian Shaw.

Second row—Chester Menefee, Paul Allen, Lewis Weston, Fred Shepherd, James Wade, Cleon Foust.

Third row—Clyde Schey, Robert Clugston, Marion Mayberry, Lee McKinney, Jay Harris, Charles Lancaster.

THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

A young man stood before us. His actions indicated an uneasy state of mind. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, his knees trembled, his hands shook, his voice quavered, and he apparently had difficulty with his breathing apparatus. Yes, that was one of the Juniors debating for the first time. There were only eight in the Society during the first semester; T. "Irish" Gallivan, M. Theophilus Mayberry, Clyde Schey, C. "Billy" Foust, P. "Peanuts" Allen, Lewis (pronounced Looi) Weston, and your humble servant.

Of course, we debated the most momentous questions of the hour; of course, we made mistakes, for "to err is human." Personally, I feel that the world little noted nor long remembered the mistakes that we made, but I shall never forget the way Miss Stanley grinned when I neglected to address the chair and the judges. However, under the coaching of Mr. Fisher and the criticizing of the veteran Seniors, we have begun to make some improvement.

At the beginning of the second semester we were overjoyed at the enrollment of thirteen new members. We shall hasten past the five "homely, awkward" boys and speak of the others. There were eight "nymphs," "Chrysanthemums," "sweet peas," members of the fair sex in our ranks. Certainly, with such formidable reinforcements we can now cope with the most powerful debaters.

Jay Harris, '24

A woman is as old as she looks.—A man is not old until he stops looking



The Charm School

The Charm School was given on April 31 and again on March 2, each time before a very responsive audience and with marked success. All the characters played their parts well. Especially deserving of mention are Helen Brenneman, James Kaler, and Virginia Clark, who had very difficult parts. To Miss Edwards is due the credit for making the play what it was—that is, a great success. The characters seemed cut out for their parts. We couldn't blame the girls for falling for James Kaler (as Austin Bevans) and we didn't blame James for falling for Virginia Clark (as Elise Benedotti). Jean Trembley was a dandy Sally, and the twins, as Sally said, were perfect. Helen Brenneman was a scream as Miss Curtis, and Mildred Eisaman (as Miss Hayes) could certainly take the starch out of Mr. Johns (Harvey Carter), who was cross enough with everyone else. Jack Pentz and Francis Doyle were fine in the exciting scene immediately following Elise's disappearance.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Austin Bevans	JAMES KALER
an automobile salesman with ideas, which	
David McKenzie	JACK PENTZ
a law student, considers impractical, but	
George Boyd	FRANCIS DOYLE
an expert accountant, is willing to cooperate, as are also	
Jim Simpkins	RALPH SHEPHERD
and	
Tim Simpkins	EDWIN MEITZLER
who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.	
Homer Johns	HARVEY CARTER
a lawyer, is the guardian of	
Elise Benedotti	VIRGINIA CLARK
the president of the Senior class in a school presided over by	
Miss Hayes	MILDRED EISAMAN
who is loved and feared by all who know her, including her secretary	
Miss Curtis	HELEN BRENNEMAN
who is always trying to think well of the Senior class, consisting of	
Sally Boyd	JEAN TREMBLEY
who is George Boyd's sister	
Muriel Doughty	HELEN CORDILL
Ethel Spelvin	MILDRED STICKLEY
Alix Mercier	MARY KESSLER
Lillian Stafford	SARAH SCOTT
Madge Kent	MARY FRANCES RABER
and a Junior who is always in the way	
Dotsie	ALICE OVERDEER

ORGANIZATIONS

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society was organized October the first under the supervision of Miss Edwards, English teacher. Miss Edwards set forth a plan of work, and the class has done well in its efforts to fulfil it.

First the Society studied English and American play-writers, and some of their one-act plays. Several of these plays were read in class. The organization furnished the first of the assembly programs by giving Booth Tarkington's "Trysting Place." The cast was as follows:

Lancelot Briggs, the boy.....	RALPH SHEPHERD
Mrs. Briggs, the boy's mother.....	VIRGINIA CLARK
Jessie Briggs, his sister.....	HELEN KENNER
Mrs. Curtis, a young widow.....	KATHERINE RUCKMAN
Rupert Smith, Jessie's lover.....	MARION BURNWORTH
Mr. Ingoldsby, an old friend of the family.....	HARRY REID
A Mysterious Voice.....	PORTER CROWELL

This play made a hit with the audience, and so the class felt that they had made a good start.

It was decided that a series of short plays should be given under the direction of the cast for the "Trysting Place." As yet only one of the series has been given. "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," under the direction of Virginia Clark, was given in the assembly.

The cast was made up of—

Mrs. Oakley.....	SARAH SCOTT
Constance	MADGE SCHUMAKER
Mary, the cook.....	HELEN CORDILL
Emma, the maid.....	ALICE OVERDEER

Virginia Clark, '23

VOCATIONAL INFORMATION CLASS

The class of Vocational Information was organized and introduced as a Friday morning subject in the semester beginning in September.

The purpose of the class is to give the students an idea of the type of their future life vocation. It is very helpful to one who has not selected his vocation and also to one who has something in mind and is either undecided or wishes to learn more of other professions besides his chosen one.

Dr. Briggs, last semester, spoke on Dentistry, giving the students an account of the expenses, preparation, and results of early practice. Mr. Bloom spoke on law, giving matters of importance which should be figured on before deciding on the profession. Dr. Ben Linvill spoke on the profession of a physician, telling of the cost and the possible advancement. Rev. Miller spoke on the ministry, giving information of schools, the work itself, and its advantages. Supt. Mosher gave a very interesting talk on school teaching, which he later repeated for the benefit of the entire assembly, February 2. Mr. Adams spoke on journalism and the management of large newspaper concerns, giving accurate accounts of the progress and advancement of the journalist.

When persons could not be secured for a talk, members of the class spoke on topics, with the aid and suggestion of the class as a whole. Miss Rothenberger has personally worked up professions for individual students who were interested in certain lines such as nursing, interior decoration and civil service positions.

Last semester a "birthday party" was given for the Vocational Information students. Each one wore something which identified the birth-month of the owner. The person guessing the most birthmonths correctly, won a prize. Each one also brought a baby picture of himself and they were placed on a table and numbered. A prize was awarded to the person identifying the greatest number of pictures. Refreshments were served consisting of apples. Everybody enjoyed a good time. Mr. Galloway was a guest.

From a class of twenty boys and four girls, the first semester, the Vocational Information class now has increased to twenty-five boys and ten girls.

The faculty advisors are Miss Rothenberger, Miss Moe, and Mr. Barton.

Mildred DeWitt, '25

“THE EXHAUST PIPE”

Just after the second semester of this year began, the Senior class decided to publish a paper as a part of their year's course in composition. Each section selected its staff, but afterward the two staffs were combined in one.

The class met and selected the name they thought most appropriate, “The Exhaust Pipe”. Work was begun at once on the paper and in three weeks there was enough material on hand to put out the first edition.

“The Exhaust Pipe” is a four-page, five column paper, one of the largest school papers in northern Indiana. The class decided to publish it monthly and sell it for ten cents a copy, putting out five hundred copies each issue. The paper consists of articles regarding school life, which we hope are interesting to the public in general as well as to the high school. It also contains notes of incidents, jokes, and other matters of special interest to pupils.

The first number appeared February 9 and proved to be a great success, nearly everyone in school purchasing a copy. The second issue, published one month later, was even more of a success than the first. Everyone is eager for its continued success.

The Class of '23 has started the publication of a paper which we hope will be continued by other classes, and we also hope that in future years it can be published at least twice a month.

The staff this year is as follows:

Editorial Staff

SARAH SCOTT	Editor-in-Chief
HELEN BRENNEMAN.....	Managing Editor
JEAN TREMBLEY.....	Associate Editor
RALPH SHEPHERD.....	Associate Editor
ALTA BAKER	Personals
ALICE OVERDEER.....	Exchange Editor
MILDRED CUMMINS.....	Literary Editor
RICHARD FISHER.....	Sports Editor

Business Staff

JAMES KALER.....	Business Manager
JACK PENTZ.....	Circulation Manager
	James Kaler, '23

VOCATIONAL CLASS

That the vocational schools are functioning in shaping the destiny of future agriculture, is shown by the hearty response in most communities where agriculture is being taught. Although there has been some doubt as to the value of vocational schools the things that they have accomplished create a strong demand for the continuance of such work in Indiana.

Statistics show that 80% of Vocational Agriculture students of Columbia City High School are now working at the trade for which they were trained. The other twenty per cent. are accounted for in this way: The first two years the town boys were allowed to take the course. The result is that these town boys are working in the Woolen Mills, the restaurants, and other such places.

In our agriculture courses subjects are offered to promote the highest type of citizenship. A mastery of the English language is essential and a thorough knowledge of our government and its powers, and our obligations to it are taught. The commercial, scientific, and financial enterprises of our country require the basic principles of economics, science, language, trades and industries. Agricultural subjects, such as Animal Husbandry, Farm Crops, Farm Management, Poultry, Horticulture, etc., instruct the student in the subjects of a vocation that he is destined to follow. With a good background of academic subjects he becomes one of our most respected citizens.

In the past it did not matter whether the farmer was a business man or not; he made his way. Now, and in the future, in order to succeed the farmer must be a good business man. He must know what he is about, and how to cooperate with others in marketing produce.

Some of the farmers and business men of this community are those who took the high school vocational course. Those boys are showing their fathers and neighbors up in their success as farmers.

Lloyd Deutsch, '24

PENMANSHIP CLASS

At the beginning of the school year, as one of the Friday morning groups, a penmanship class of twenty-five students was started under the direction of Miss Ethel Conkling. The purpose of this class was to learn rapid, legible, easily executed business writing. We began our work in the Palmer Method book by practising muscular movement drills, correct and comfortable penholding and muscular relaxation. As we acquired efficiency we practiced more advanced drills. We spent the entire period in practicing and criticizing different drills.

At the beginning of the second semester, the students asked to write for final certificates so the last twelve weeks were spent in that work. Each student worked individually and a large number of the class received their final certificates.

Alta Baker, '23

SOPHOMORE LITERARY SOCIETY

In the fall of '22 the Sophomore class, under the supervision of Mrs. Miles, organized a literary society. The officers elected were as follows:

President	VIVIAN SHAW
Secretary	LOIS CHAPMAN
Chairman of Program Committee.....	LUCILE MENEFEE
Critic	MARY TAYLOR

This society meets every Friday morning. Topics of the day are discussed and miscellaneous programs are given. The class has been very enthusiastic over this work and many interesting programs have been presented.

On November 24th, a part of the society gave a dramatization of the Iliad before the assembly. The characters wore costumes typical of the ancient world. This play lasted for over an hour and was well received by the school.

Another program, which was very interesting, was given March 30. The Rev. Mr. Miller spoke to the society on the "Have a Heart" Movement. Miss Bodley, accompanied by Miss Smith, sang several beautiful selections.

The Sophomore Literary Society, under the competent instruction of Mrs. Miles, has made great progress along literary lines.

Robert Secrist, '25

FRESHMAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Freshmen class met on Friday, September 30, 1923, to organize a literary society. Nominations were made and the following officers elected: President, Cecil Ward; Vice-President, Gladys Keiser; Secretary, John Trembley; and Assistant Secretary, Josephine Shook. It was decided that the society should have a name. A vote was taken and it was named "The Webster Literary Society".

This society has been trying to get the pupils interested in literary work. It has taught the class one very important thing, and that is how to conduct themselves as a body. It has taught them how to make motions and to answer questions.

Some very good programs have been given, which the class enjoyed very much. On October 13, a Riley program was given. Answers to roll call were quotations from Riley. December 22 the class debated the question: Resolved, that the Columbia City High School should have a gymnasium. The debaters for the affirmative were John Parrish, Josephine Shook, and Francis Walker. Those for the negative were David Johnson, Dorothy Slusser, and Geraldine Hindman. The debate was very interesting and was won by the affirmative. Another good program was given in honor of Lincoln, February 16. The assignments were: "Boyhood and Education of Abraham Lincoln", "Gettysburg Address", and "Oh Captain! My Captain".

Results have shown that this organization has accomplished much good. We all sincerely hope that it will become permanent.

Lawrence Johnson, '27



LOOKING EAST FROM SCHOOL BELFREY



THE HILL IN JANUARY



THE PLAYGROUND



MARY WHO



A WINTER SPORT



HELLO !



'EXHAUST PIPE' BOOSTERS



ONE RING CIRCUS



JOHNNIE



Miss S.: "John, why are you so late when the other boys have been here so long?"

John M.: "Well, gee, Miss Stanley, all the rest of the kids ran back as if they had never been to school before."

Miss E.: "Compare 'ill'."

Kate R.: "Ill, sick, bed-fast."

Advertisements.

Lost: A curling iron. Ralph Shepherd.
For sale: "Cliquot Club", the best substitute made. Harry Reid.

Wanted: A vanity case with an automatic lock. Mary Carter.

Lost: One baby cable off my bass viol. Richard Kissinger.

For sale: Mellins food. Makes people fat. Helen Brenneman.

Wanted: A lot in Columbia City's most beautiful cemetery. Any place where I can rest in peace. Fred Waterfall.

Wanted: A couple of spoons. Virginia plate preferred. Marion Burnworth.

For Sale: A special brand of red pepper for assembly use. Guaranteed to make your victim sneeze. H. S. Seniors.

Wanted: Decoration for school entrance. Red and yellow preferred. Miss Hallowell.

Wanted: A water-proof umbrella every time E. Mossman sneezes. See Elizabeth Clugston.

For Sale

One Ford car, with piston ring,
Two rear wheels, one front spring;
Has no fenders, seat, or plank;
Burns lots of gas, hard to crank;
Carburetor busted halfway through;
Engine missing, hits on two.

Three years old, four in the spring;
Has shock absorbers and everything;
Radiator busted, sure does leak;
Differential dry, you can hear it squeak;
Ten spokes missing, front all bent;
Tires blowed out, ain't worth a cent;
Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce;
Burns either gas or tobacco juice;
Tires all off, been on the rim;
But a pretty good Ford for the shape it's in.

Mad

In Latin class I am a bluff,
In sewing I am worse;
But what I hate is this blame stuff
That they call English verse.

In Arithmetic I'm not so bad,
My History makes me curse;
But still what's going to drive me mad
Is writing English verse.

Women

There are women who are comely,
There are women who are homely,
But be careful how the last word you say.

There are women who are sainted,
There are women who are painted,
There are women who will always have
their way.

There are women who are truthful,
Women who are youthful,—
Was there ever any woman who was old?

There are women who are mighty,
There are women who are flighty,
There are women who are worth their
weight in gold.

There are women who are tender,
There are women who are slender,
There are women who are large, fat and
red.

There are women who are married,
There are women who have tarried,
There are women who are voiceless—but
they're dead.

Lucille Goodman, '23.

Miss R.: "What do you know about the
age of Elizabeth?"

James Wade: "She'll be seventeen next
September."

As for looks I know I'm no star;
There are men better looking by far;
But my face I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,—
It's the folks out in front that I jar.

On mules we find
Two legs behind,
Two legs we find before;
But we stand behind
Before we find
What the two behind be for.

Miss Rothenberger: "The fur of the
weasel is very expensive."

Mildred E.: "Why, I always thought
that the weasel was a bird."

Miss R.: "What did the Indians teach
the soldiers?"

Mary K.: "To eat fish."

Tommy E.: "Mr. Galloway, what is the
great divide?"

Mr. G.: "It is usually spoken of as the
distance between life and death."

There was a young fellow who dined with
his girl at 8:08.

As Fate did not state,

I cannot relate

What Fate and his tete-a-tete ate at 8:03.

All Gals is divided in three parts: Nerve,
Cheek and Insolence.

Miss E., in English 8: "Why do you go
to church, from force of habit?"

Madge S.: "Oh, sometimes you get an
inspiration to do something good."



Harvey practiced art on his desk, and
then he took up manual training.

Miss R. informs her M. M. History Class
that during a street riot in Paris, the people
in the upper stories of buildings threw their
chests out of the windows and killed many
of the soldiers.

Miss Stanley: "Marion, how did you
get this problem?"

Marion O.: "Well, I changed my feet
to rods and—"

Gather ye kisses while ye may—
Time brings only sorrow:
For the flappers who flap so free today
Are the chaperons of tomorrow.

Mr. G.: "Will eggs cook as quick in
salt water as in pure water?"

Ralph G.: "I say eggs will cook more
quickly in salt water; the proof for this
statement is as follows: One day while
in the navy we ran out of fresh water so
we had to cook our eggs in salt water and
we had breakfast two minutes before the
usual time."

A Norwegian's Essay on Frogs

What a wonderful bird the frog are.
When he sit, he stands almost. When he

hop, he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail, hardly, either. When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost.

Mr. G.: "Roy, name the energies."
Roy P.: "Potential and Connecticut."

Mr. G.: "Glenn, what note is it that has a frequency of 320?"
Glenn W.: "Z."

Miss Edwards voices her approval of bobbed hair and the present style of dress. She says it took our grandmothers more time to dress but we use our time in dressing our faces.

James L.: "Is it because the girls of these days lack beauty that they use cosmetics?"

Miss Edwards: "Is 'trousers' a common noun?"

Marion M.: "'Trousers' is an uncommon noun."

Miss E.: "Why an uncommon noun?"

Marion: "Because 'trousers' is singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

There are many definitions of "optimist" and "pessimist" but best of all is the following: "An optimist is a man who sees a great light where there is none. A pessimist is the man who comes along and blows it out."

Tommy Eyanson: "Miss Stanley, I feel indebted to you for all I know."

Miss S.: "Please don't mention such a trifle."

Miss R.: "Who can mention some memorable date in history?"

John Markley: "Anthony's, with Cleopatra."

Miss T., in Latin: "And Diviacus led his daughter to marriage."

Mildred.: "Did they have to lead them then?"

Charles L.: "I don't see how any girl

can dance with me; the way I hop around is awful."

Mary Johnston: "Oh! it is just the monkey instinct, Charles."

Virginia Clark: "How long does it take to get into heaven?"

Elizabeth Claxton: "Why, I suppose there is a waiting line, Virginia."

Mr. Galloway to Physics class: "I might make the suggestion that if any of you have any questions about your grades, now is the time to raise them."

Jim Kaler: "What, the grades or the questions?"

Senior: "What an awful gash you have in your head!"

Freshman: "Oh, that's next to nothing."

Miss Rothenberger: "Can you recall that remarkable piece of philosophy of Lord Chesterfield?"

Thomas G.: "They satisfy."



The Eternal Triangle

Unheard of Things.

The tennis courts vacated.
Hot water in the showers.
Tom Eyanson having an English lesson.
Chester Menefee getting to school on time.
Mary Frances without her raisins.
Bob Ward keeping his mouth shut.
Faculty praising the students.

William Meyers with Harvey Carter's intellect.

Kate R. going for twenty minutes without using her vanity case.

Billy Foust in Ralph Geiger's trousers.

Elizabeth Mossman sitting still for five minutes.

Richard Kissinger busy.

Ralph Shepherd not in love.

Wanda McNabb a human skeleton.

Fred Waterfall's hair without grease.

Miss Stanley without her giggle.

Jack Pentz with the same girl twice.

Mr. Fisher without any pockets.

If you loiter in the cloakroom,

If you talk upon the stairs,

If you whisper in the assembly,

Or if you sit in pairs,

You've got to be more careful,

And you've got to look about,

Or low conduct grades will get you

If you don't look out.

Mildred Cummins, '23.

Mr. Fisher: "Hazel, are these triangles congruent?"

Walter Weick: "Yes."

Miss Rothenberger: "When a fugitive reaches a shrine he cannot be captured by officers; but eventually, he would starve if he did not give himself up."

Harry Reid: "Not if they had communion enough."

Miss Rothenberger: "These islands are barren and desert—not a thing will grow on them except—"

Cleon Schuman: "Sea weeds."

Ellis K., to Kenneth R.: "My ancestors were all intelligent."

K. R.: "How do you account for yourself?"

Ralph Geiger tells us that all the work a southerner does, is to work around a tree to keep in the shade.

John Washburn, watching Kaufman put the shot: "Gee! our Kauffy's strong!"

Josephine Geiger: "How much for a pair of silk hose?"

Clerk: "About \$2."

Josephine: "They come rather high, don't they?"

Clerk: "Yes, but you must remember that you are a rather tall lady."

Do you suppose that the poet with "the window in his soul," was a relative of the guy who had a pain in his stomach?

"Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican."—Test paper.

And the Lord spake unto Moses saying, "Moses, Moses, come forth"; but Moses came fifth, and was disqualified.

Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

Bud Weick (who has just fitted his gentleman customer with a pair of No. 10 shoes): "Fine! Now you ought to have the last word in spats."

Customer, sadly: "Thank you, sir, but my wife usually does that."

Lady, in Columbia Drug Store: "Give me a package of Beechnut." Mildred D. gives her a package of cigarettes and demands two more nickels.

Lady angrily walks out of the store after five minutes, with a package of Beechnut gum.

In Physics Class—Mr. Galloway: "Francis, what happens when a Ford kicks?"

Francis D.: "You get a broken arm."

Miss Edwards: "What is a maiden knight, Thelma?"

Thelma P.: "A lady knight."

Miss Rothenberger: "Philip, what kinds of punishment were used in England during the 18th century?"

Phil. W.: "Thumb screws and thumb tacks."

Freshman, excited: "What bell is that?"

Fred W.: "The one the teacher in the assembly room rings."

Mr. G.: "Now, what is an accessory fruit?"

John Trembley: "Why, it's one that's got a hip."

Mr. Galloway: "Can annuals be improved by any other method than by seed selection?"

Dick Kissinger: "Yes, by grafting one cornstalk onto another."

Vivian Shaw has ten pages gone from her history but she reads right on and doesn't miss them.

Mr. G.: "Robert, give Newton's law of gravitation."

Robert H.: "Everybody attracts every other body."

Mr. G.: "Regardless of age?"

Miss E. to afternoon English VIII class: "I don't see why you always get over the lesson more quickly than the morning class."

Harvey C.: "We all talk at once."

Ralph G.: "Irving's fiancée kicked the bucket."

Miss E.: "Ralph, what do you mean by using such language?"

Ralph: "I mean she died."

Famous Ones.

The Staff's Artist.....Dorothy Wineh.
Handsome Senior.....Marion Burnworth
Neatest Junior.....Ruby Herriman
Most Talkative Freshie.....Ted McClain
Homeliest Senior....Too much competition
Freshest Freshie.....Martha Ellen Menefee
Most popular Soph.....Helen McConnell
Nerviest Junior.....Bob Ward
Greatest Bluffer.....James Kaler
Hardest Working Senior.....Alta Baker
Brightest light.....Mary Wigent

Miss S.: "How many problems did you get, Berlin?"

Berlin F.: "The first one."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"For goodness sakes! How did you

spend the day?"

"Trying the second one."

Miss E.: "Robert, does anyone sit in front of you?"

Robert H.: "There was, but there isn't now."

The girl was absent.

James L.: "A cape is an evaporated peninsula."

Paul A.: "Miss Stanley, may I go to the office?"

Miss Stanley: "No."

Paul goes to his seat and talks a lot and raises the dickens and then goes to the desk again.

"May I go to the office now?"

"Yes!!"

Miss Rothenberger: "If you want to make up this test I'll give you a harder one."

Billy Foust: "It couldn't be any harder for I know all the questions you didn't ask."

Miss Spray, at operetta practice: "I wish you people would either swallow your gum or spit it out."

John Markley, in an undertone: "Who's chewing gum?"

Miss S.: "I just saw John's go down."

John's countenance turned forty different shades amidst a roar of laughter.

Miss Rothenberger: "Quote something from the Declaration of Independence."

William M.: "Signed, John Hancock."

Miss Rothenberger: "Who killed Abraham Lincoln?"

Eloise Trout: "Booth Tarkington."

Say it with cauliflowers.

"Have you seen May?"

"May, who?"

"Why, mayonnaise."

"No, she is dressing and won't lettuce."

Broke, broke, broke!
How familiar it sounds to me!
I would that I had just fifteen cents,
How happy I would be.

Oh, well for the rich man's son,
With his roll of sparkling green.
Oh, well for the thrifty one,
Who's saved about ten or fifteen.

But expenses will come on,
Till they heap up like a hill;
But oh, for the touch of a much needed
rag,
The touch of a dollar bill.

Broke, broke, broke!
How familiar that seems to be.
But the miserly thrill of a one dollar bill
Will never come back to me.
Fred Waterfall, '24.

It takes thirty-four muscles to smile,
It takes ninety-six muscles to frown.
Study these statments a little while,
Jot all the figures down.

Think of the work you're taking in
When you proceed to rave;
Better put on an ironclad grin
And all that labor save.

Lucille Goodman, '23.

Get Acquainted Party.

Early last fall the Senior girls arranged a party for the incoming Freshmen girls, so that they might become better acquainted with the other girls of the high school.

On the appointed day all girls, teachers included, were told to bring to school a tincup and a safety pin. As soon as school was over all met in the assembly room, where the poor frightened Freshies were lined up against the wall so that the others with pencil and paper might guess who they were. Speculation ran wild, but no great majority was announced, proving that we ought to get better acquainted.

Each with tincup in hand, and on her back her name written on a piece of paper which was held by the safety pin, descended to the school ground. Interesting games such as "Little Sally Saucer", "Farmer in the Dell", "Teeter, Totter" and sliding were enjoyed, especially by the younger and less dignified members of the "fair sex party."

After playing we were tired and hungry, so we were served with hot chocolate, cakes and candies.

The party was a success all the way through, and we hope the classes in the future will follow this praiseworthy precedent.

March

Beware of March, she's like a fickle maid,
A careless vamp and mistress of her trade.
Flaunting her charms for whom it may concern,
She bloweth hot or cold in careless turn.
Close on the heels of frozen yesterday
Tomorrow's sun may then portend of Spring,
The songs of birds may through the forest ring
And rain will come and turn the landscape gray.
Still we love March with all her changing moods,
And promises of longer, brighter days
When we may walk by streams in wading woods,
And hear the music of the thrushes' lays.
Then welcome March, for surely she doth bring
The end of winter and the breath of Spring.

May E. Kortwright, '23.

CALENDAR

MONDAY, SEPT. 11. School starts. Several of our old classmates, notably "Coach Workman", alias the "peripatetic sarcophagus", or the "walking graveyard", turns up missing.

Several recruits from the remote regions of Collins and Hecla appear.



MON. SEPT. 11.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 12. Mr. Galloway gives a demonstration of how to tackle the new "dummy" and gets his countenance somewhat peeled in places.

Conflict, conflict, who hasn't got a conflict?

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13. Miss Edwards informs Jack Pentz that he talks too much with his mouth. We advise Jack to learn the deaf and dumb language.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14. A whole gang of Senior boys are taking French. For the reason, see Miss Mason.

Vocational agriculture boys go to the Allen county fair. Mr. Barton tears his trousers, they say.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15. First football scrimmage.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18. William Meyers learns in history class that small rats are not the same as mice.



FRI. SEPT. 15.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 19. Edwin Meitzler tries to shoo some flies out via the window. Miss Edwards, not comprehending the uproar arising from the Senior corner, makes eyes at Edwin at close range.



TUES. SEPT. 19.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20. Elizabeth Mossman falls off her chair in H. S. Geography class. It is said that the whole building shook. Why this sudden

vertigo, Elizabeth? Whence didst thou obtain the sweet essence of dandelion? Or were you demonstrating Newton's law of falling bodies?

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21. Harvey Carter, after reciting twenty minutes on one subject in Geography, "Is that what you asked about?"

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22. Harvey Carter joins the Girls' Athletic Association.

MONDAY, SEPT. 25. The football squad is busy trying to forget last Saturday.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26. The Annual Board decides to have a phonograph record made of "Pick" Lillich's gentle voice, viz., "Who did that here? Who said that there? What's it to you? What's it to you?"

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27. Boys' Athletic Association organized. Francis Doyle, president. Dick Fisher, secretary. 50c, please.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29. First debate of the year. Seniors polish up their rusty eloquence and argue the Turkish situation learnedly for the erudition of the Juniors.

TUESDAY, OCT. 3. Thelma Pence goes to the pencil sharpener ostensibly to sharpen her pencil, but really to see an aeroplane.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4. Harvey C. advises Jack P. to quit sleeping in a bed. Says that more people die there than anywhere else.

THURSDAY, OCT. 5. Josephine Geiger is wearing a diamond.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6. Football game with Kendallville. Lots of enthusiasm. But we lose again, 44-9.

MONDAY, OCT. 9. Seniors order class rings and pins. Everybody votes for Number 2. Looks like some political "bossing" somewhere.

TUESDAY, OCT. 10. The French class learns to count up to twenty. That's all they need to know to say their grades.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11. Elizabeth Mossman heard singing, "Nobody Lied When They Said I Cried Over You." Why, Elizabeth, whom are you crying over?

THURSDAY, OCT. 12. Annual Board holds "pep" meeting. Annuals pledged for.

FRIDAY, OCT. 13. No school. Football practise at Warsaw for Warsaw.

MONDAY, OCT. 16. Great political agitation in English VII class. James Kaler and Jack Pentz defend their respective parties violently until Miss Edwards puts a stop to the argument.

TUESDAY, OCT. 17. Francis Doyle changes the location of his seat in assembly. The reason of the sudden removal from a very congenial neighborhood is unknown. Possibly an interview with the faculty may throw light on the subject.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18. Miss Mason tells the French I class that when they read French they sound like everything.

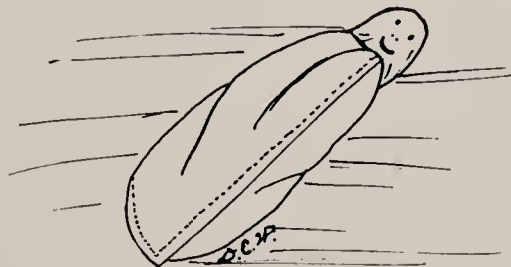
THURSDAY, OCT. 19. Bus. Mgr., "I'm going home."

Editor-in-Chief, "Go ahead, I haven't any strings on you."

FRIDAY, OCT. 20. Gov. McCray gives us a short speech, which everyone enjoys.

MONDAY, OCT. 23. Clyde Schey and Phil Wigent take their daily snooze in history class.

TUESDAY, OCT. 24. Ralph S. entertains himself and several others with a doll made from Helen B.'s handkerchief. Mental derangement or second childhood?



TUES. OCT. 24.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25. John White-leather to Miss Stanley (in assembly), "May I go and get a drink — of water?"

THURSDAY, OCT. 26. Alice O. makes six trips to Jean Trembley's desk. Each time she carries back some ink on the tip of her pen. We compute that she made forty-eight steps and six dips to write a two-page theme.

FRIDAY, OCT. 27. Football game with Garrett. Our team stages a great rally in the second half and puts up the best game of the year.

MONDAY, OCT. 30. Either Edwin Meitzler has an affinity for French swear words or he does not consider it lady-like for a girl to say such words in English, for after Ruby H. has translated "Rue de l'enfer" as "Street of Hell", Edwin proceeds to translate it as "street de l'enfer".

TUESDAY, OCT. 31. Elizabeth C. to Ralph B. in Geography, "What do they raise in marshes?" Ralph, "Rabbits."

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1. Miss Edwards: "German is the language of science; English, of business; French, of law; and Spanish, of love."

Bob Ward: "Why don't they teach Spanish in High School?"

THURSDAY, NOV. 2. Vivian Shaw's history text has ten pages missing but she reads right ahead without missing anything.

FRIDAY, NOV. 3. Rev. Moffat gives a mighty fine talk to the assembly.

English VIII puts out a paper, or, as Mr. Fisher says, a whole magazine.

MONDAY, NOV. 6. The Seniors and Faculty challenge the underclassmen to a football game next Monday night. Later: Challenge is accepted.

TUESDAY, NOV. 7. Both sides make various blackboard announcements concerning the lineup, outcome, etc.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8. James K. and Harvey C. are in the height of their glory. Everything went Democratic. Harvey C. comes into the assembly with his curly locks parted in the middle, thinking he is the sensation of the day; but

he has to share the honors with Mildred E. who has her hair down her back and is wearing a ribbon.

Seniors win the football game with Faculty, 12-0.



WED. NOV. 9.

THURSDAY, NOV. 9. A general changing of seats takes place among the Juniors. Fritz W., Elbertine B., Kenny Roberts and others shift around. Those frivolous Juniors!

FRIDAY, NOV. 10. Dutch Crowell falls off his chair while eating dinner. This accident may result in contusion of the lower part of the back, it is feared.

MONDAY, NOV. 13. Nothing like an all-day drizzle to dampen a person's spirits. The whangey doodle whangy doodleth all day long and the whirligig of time whirligigeth by.

Theophilus Mayberry has his hair marcelled.

TUESDAY, NOV. 14. The Annual staff cleans up the office.



TUES. NOV. 14.

Galloway sings, "There is Honey in the Rock for Me."

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15.

How I love its giddy gurgle,
How I love its ceaseless flow,
How I love to wind my mouth up,
How I love to hear it go.
—Helen Brenneman.

THURSDAY, NOV. 16. Jno. Markley, Seib Kissinger, et al., wear Rodolf Valentino trousers.



FRIDAY, NOV. 17. Bus Kenner wears a necktie to school. This is a sure sign of cold weather.

Dramatic Society presents "The Trysting Place."

MONDAY, NOV. 20. Everybody seems to be somebody's sheik.

Miss Stanley announces that if certain people don't beware she is going to start collecting Pullman fares.

TUESDAY, NOV. 21. Mr. Fisher causes several bells and other appendages to be removed from the toreador trousers.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22. Miss Elizabeth Mossman rides to school with Mr. Glenn Galloway. When about to alight she exclaims, "Oh, dear, I haven't been in a Ford for so long a time that I've forgotten how to get out."

THURSDAY, NOV. 23. Senior class officers are continually suffering. "When will the class rings be here?" is the question which rings in our ears incessantly.

FRIDAY, NOV. 24. Sophomore Literary society gives the "Iliad".
A double victory over South Whitley.

MONDAY, NOV. 27. Jean T. collides with an auto and a buggy.

TUESDAY, NOV. 28. An Eskimo Pie travels around over the assembly and finally reaches its destination.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29. With the promise of a chicken leg, Lucile G. bribes Mr. Fisher to allow her to attend the big feed at Collins.

School out for Thanksgiving vacation.

MONDAY, DEC. 4. Ladies' Home Journal Contest going full blast.

TUESDAY, DEC. 5. Jeffs, 66. Mutts, 63.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6. Rumors of Filipino boy coming here to school. All the girls powder their noses in anticipation. (He didn't come.)



FRIDAY, DEC. 8. C. C. H. S. meets C. C. H. S. Score 22 to 17 in favor of C. C. H. S.

MONDAY, DEC. 11. Mary Johnston reports that someone has one of her boots, as the pair she has are both for the same foot.

TUESDAY, DEC. 12. We learn to play a game in French. Vooley-voo.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13. Mr. Galloway says he is going to make a little Punch and Judy figure which will shake its head when a pupil wants to say "No". All he will have to do is pull a string, etc.

THURSDAY, DEC. 14. Cold wave. Several radiators freeze up; others get too much alcohol and can't stay in the road.

FRIDAY, DEC. 15. Senior debate before the assembly.

Sophomore class party.

MONDAY, DEC. 18. Mr. Galloway's chair suffers a collapse during H. S. Geography lab. Mr. G. comes down hard.

TUESDAY, DEC. 19. Senior class rings come at last.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20. Sophomores have beaten the Freshmen, and the Juniors challenge the Seniors to a basket-ball game.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10. School begins, after the vacation on account of the smallpox epidemic.

THURSDAY, JAN. 11. Mrs. Miles says that the doctor who vaccinated her is dead and she can't get a certificate. Mr. Fisher suggests writing an inquiry on asbestos.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12. It is believed that Elizabeth Mossman has a cold, as she is seen with various devices wrapped around her throat.

MONDAY, JAN. 15. Elizabeth Mossman makes her usual ten trips to the desk during Mr. Galloway's period.

TUESDAY, JAN. 16. Evidently Ralph S. neglected to put his hair up last night, as the customary wave is lacking.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17. Rumors of K. K. K.'s and fiery crosses.

THURSDAY, JAN. 18. Jack Pentz suddenly emits an alarming cachination, the cause of which is shrouded in mystery and the result of which is a reproving glance from Miss Edwards.

FRIDAY, JAN. 19. Our boys B. B. team wins over Atwood, 17-16. It was a thriller.

MONDAY, Jan. 22. Seniors go to Ft. Wayne to see the "Merchant of Venice" presented by the Robert B. Mantell Co.

TUESDAY, JAN. 23. Everyone preparing for exams.

Juniors go to see "Macbeth".

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24. Sophomores attend "As You Like It" in the afternoon.

THURSDAY, JAN. 25. Exams.

FRIDAY, JAN. 26. Exams.

Boys' and girls' teams beat South Whitley on their own floor. We understand the girls had a hilarious time coming home.

MONDAY, JAN. 29. We have a new French teacher, Mrs. Osborne. Also a new Freshman class of twenty-four members.



TUESDAY, JAN. 30. Conditions are gradually becoming settled after the exams.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1. Richard Fisher leans against the switch in laboratory while demonstrating the proper pose for oratory. As the current goes on, his oratory suddenly becomes animated.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2. Mr. Mosher addresses the assembly on the teaching profession.

Ground hog day. He saw his shadow.

MONDAY, FEB. 5. Everyone seems to have a cold: a coughing chorus is conducted in the assembly room.

TUESDAY, FEB. 6. What ho! Focus your binocular on that. Harry Reid has a perfect marcelle wave in his erstwhile straight hair.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7. Miss Edwards: "What two kinds of nouns are there?"

Lucille G.: "Proper and improper."

Helen B.: "Why I thought it was proper and simple."

THURSDAY, FEB. 8. Ralph G. looks Miss R. out of her room. They say that Mr. G. had something to do with it.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9. The first issue of "The Exhaust Pipe" is published. Pep meeting. Billy Foust makes a speech, rivalled in brevity and levity only by LaVon Beeson's.

MONDAY, FEB. 12. Blue Monday. We lost to Warsaw.

TUESDAY, FEB. 13. Nothing happened. All quiet along the Potomac.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 14. The budding young orators are hard at work training for the McLallen contest.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15. Senior class meeting. Caps and gowns are voted down.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16. "Ham" Staples visits school and makes a stirring speech. We win an easy victory over Washington Center.

MONDAY, FEB. 19. Verily, Richard Kissinger's laugh is a marvelous thing.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20. Senior elimination for the McLallen contest. Tommy Eyanson, first; Jack Pentz, second.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21. Junior contest. Robert Clugston, first; Hazel White-leather, second.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22. Sophomore contest. Jimmie Northam, first; Leigh Plummer, second.

Happy birthday, George!

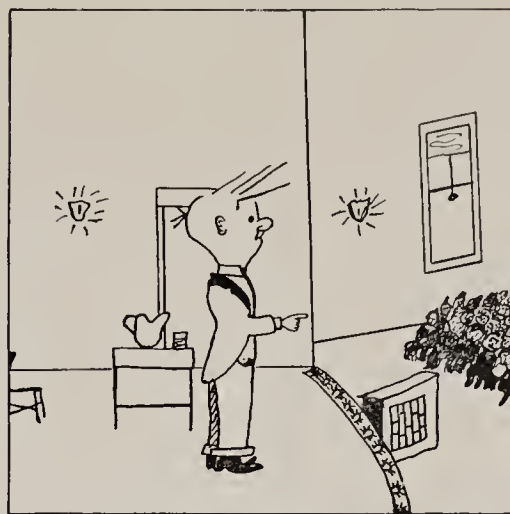
FRIDAY, FEB. 23. Dramatic Society gives a play, "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone".

Freshman contest. Josephine Shook, first; Louise Johnson, second.

County basket-ball tournament begins.

MONDAY, FEB. 26. C. C. wins the county tournament.

Finals for the McLallen contest. Jack Pentz, first; Helen Judd, second; Harvey Carter, third; Jay Harris, fourth.



TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27. Richard F. says that Richard K. does not play a bass viol but a vile bass.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28. Resolved that Ralph Shepherd get a haircut.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1. The Annual Staff cleans up the office again. This is the spring cleaning.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2. District basketball tournament. We win over Washington Center, and South Side beats us.

MONDAY, MARCH 5. Kenny R., Ralph G. and Harvey C. have a little contest to see who can tell the biggest lie. The winner was not declared, but all of them are accomplished.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6. James L. amuses himself by writing poetry to Lillie W.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7. Tom E. reads a poem in English giving it all the oratorical inflections of his powerful voice.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8. James K., Helen B., and Harvey C., all occupy one seat in English while working on the paper. Miss Edwards, seeing how things stand, or rather how people sit, breaks up the party.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9. Second issue of "The Exhaust Pipe" published and eagerly received.

MONDAY, MARCH 12. Mr. Galloway: "What do you see now, Glen?"

Glen W., looking at Mr. Galloway: "Nothing."

TUESDAY, MARCH 13. Freshie: "Could you give me an example of a coincidence?"

Senior: "Sure, my father and mother were both married on the same day."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14. Helen B.: "Please don't part your hair in the middle."

Harvey C.: "I didn't. I just parted it as near there as possible."

THURSDAY, MARCH 15. Miss E. calls on Marion M. to scan the eighth sentence. He, almost asleep, scans the tenth, "Awake, awake, Oh, my lyre."

Miss E.: "Yes, Marion, it's time to awake, but not time for number 10."

FRIDAY, MARCH 16. Orchestra gives a program before the assembly.

MONDAY, MARCH 19. James K. (while practicing the play), "What am I to do with my hat? Lay it on this thing?" (After instructions he puts it on.)

Francis D.: "You put it on the **thing** all right."

TUESDAY, MARCH 20. English VIII classes have a raging controversy over Walt Whitman.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21. Richard K.: "Do you know what the last sensation is?"

Ted McC.: "No."

Richard K.: "A tight shoe."

THURSDAY, MARCH 22. Some of the girls who take their dinner at the building have a ball game in the assembly room.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23. Harvey C. wins the county discussion contest.

MONDAY, MARCH 26. The track squad goes on a six-mile cross-country run.

TUESDAY, MARCH 27. Cross-country runs continued. Several sore muscles as a result.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28. Clyde Schey was awake when Miss R. asked him a question.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29. Sweaters awarded to the following B. B. boys: Doyle, Pentz, Shepherd, Shook, Waterfall and Roser.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30. Third issue of "The Exhaust Pipe."

MONDAY, APRIL 2. "The Charm School" given the second time with even greater success than the first.

TUESDAY, APRIL 3. Richard F. gets to laboratory almost on time.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4. Edwin M.: "The only reason that I could get 'E' in conduct is that the faculty had softening of the heart."

THURSDAY, APRIL 5. Harvey C.: "What would you think of a man who got up at midnight and went horseback riding?"

Phil W.: "I'd think he was crazy. Why, who did?"

Harvey: "Paul Revere."

FRIDAY, APRIL 6. Mrs. Amidon gives an interesting talk on the Passion Play.

MONDAY, APRIL 9. Margaret W.: "Oh, girls, you should have seen Freeda and me run last night."

Alta B.: "Why? What happened?"

Margaret: "Oh! A man looked at us."

TUESDAY, APRIL 10. William Meyers, in history class: "Do the Indians still wear their customs?"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11. Richard K., on botany trip: "Oh, just look at the little Dutchman's pants coming up."

THURSDAY, APRIL 12. Miss R.: "Russel, locate Hong Kong."

Pete P.: "It's right where China starts to go under."

FRIDAY, APRIL 13. Freshman Literary Society presents the "Dearest Thing in Boots."

MONDAY, APRIL 16. Last Saturday was held the first track meet of the year, a dual one with Warsaw. We scored an easy victory, thus evening up some old football and basket-ball results.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18. Francis D.: "When Shook runs he makes me laugh."

Jack P.: "Why? I think he runs very well."

Francis: "He does. He can run a whole mile and only move two feet."

THURSDAY, APRIL 19. What's going to happen? Elizabeth M. remains in her seat a whole period.

FRIDAY, APRIL 20. "The Bells of Beaujolais" given by the H. S. Glee Clubs. Jack is the first rate lady killer and Fritz makes a capital Duke.

MONDAY, APRIL 23. We won the triangular meet with Auburn and Angola last Saturday and brought home a silver loving cup.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24. Spring fever seizes Annual Board.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26. Editor-in-chief, after working hard on the annual: "I'm beginning to see the finish."

Dick Fisher, busy typewriting: "I'm beginning to see my finish, too."

FRIDAY, APRIL 27. Fourth issue of "The Exhaust Pipe" published.

Report cards handed out.

Pep meeting for our county track meet.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28. C. C. wins the county track meet. Chauncy gets third in the oratorical contest.

MONDAY, APRIL 30. "Columbian" goes to press. What a relief to the annual staff. Oh, boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!

Like the works of Shakespeare, Robinson Crusoe, Burns, Byron and other men who have written some good stuff, this book is only interesting to those who are interested in it. So we will cut the tale short as possible.



Every Day Will Be Sunday By and By

Figure it out for yourself

	Days
Every year has	365
If you sleep eight hours a day it equals	122
This leaves	243
If you rest eight hours a day	122
This leaves	121
There are fifty-two Sundays	52
This leaves	69
If you have a half-day Saturday	26
This leaves	43
If you have one and one-half hours for lunch	28
This leaves	15
If you have two weeks vacation	14
Which leaves	1
This being labor day no one works	1

So you don't work after all.

EDITORIALS

Wanted—A New Gymnasium

Needed: something to waken old C. C. Health is a first essential to keeping awake. Exercise is the first essential to health. Then we need a place to exercise properly.

It is true that we have a basket-ball hall. The hall has but one dressing room for the girls and one for the boys, so a visiting team has no place for privacy. There is no shower in the girls' room and only two in the boys'. The physical training classes do not meet in the hall for several reasons: first, there is no equipment; second, the school has the use of it only part of the time; and third, it is too far from the school. Therefore a room is hired for these classes. This room is not equipped properly.

What Columbia City needs is a real Gymnasium, that can be used for both community and school purposes. We should have an A Number One gymnasium with sufficient room for dressing, a bowling alley, a swimming pool, and an auditorium, besides rooms for meetings of public organizations. One or more persons should be hired to have charge of the building and teach clean sportsmanship. Use of the building should be free to all that are willing to abide by its rules.

Let's all go to work and help put up this building.

The Annual Board wishes to express appreciation to the school as a whole for its cooperation. They wish especially to thank the following people:

Miss Hollowell, who is always interested in our troubles and always ready to help clear them away.

Mr. Fisher, our faculty adviser, who is always ready with suggestions.

Miss Edwards, our proof-reader, who is never too busy to aid in perfecting material.

Mr. Woolever, of the Engraving Company, for his personal aid in arranging cuts.

Dorothy Winch and Geraldine Markwalder, who so ably assisted in the art work.

Richard Fisher, who worked unceasingly for the good of the "Columbian". Dick has done almost as much as any person on the staff.

Mr. Pontius, our photographer, who dropped everything else when an S. O. S. call was given him.

Edwin Meitzler, who helped arrange the "Pickups".

All who contributed material.

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Meier and Hildebrand	Leininger and Leininger
Quality Shop	Luckenbill and Stickler
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Wynkoop Grocery	Binder and Sons
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W. W. Williamson	H. A. Shinbeckler
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